



DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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PRICE TEN CENTS.

NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

THE SENSITIVE AND DEFIANT ACTRESS.
HOW SHE THRIVES ON HARDSHIP AND
BLOOMS IN THE DUSTY HIGHWAYS OF
TRAVEL. IS IT DUE TO THE OUTLETS
KEPT IN ACTION BY HER ART? AN IN-
GENUOUS THEORY EXPOUNDED.

Of all classes of women that I have ever encountered the actress is in many respects the hardest, the most sensitive and the most defiant. She winces at a paragraph, but she defies a blizzard.

A kiss will destroy her, but she will go through changes of temperature that would carry a washwoman off with pneumonia; she is as superstitious about medicine as a Sioux squaw, but she is as defiant of colds and fevers as a Chaldean image. In emotional tremors she is a jelly-fish; in physical ruggedness she is an Esquimaux.

What some of these delicately organized, phthisicky and nervous creatures go through would amaze a sanitarian. Their vicissitudes of climate and changes of food, their nervous tension, risks of clothing and stage draughts and superheated cars, are something that have never been exploited.

Nobody ever builds theatres to make the actress comfortable—only the audience. Nobody ever constructed a dressing-room in which a salamander could live for three nights.

The working actress encounters all zones, all climates, all diets, all risks in one tour, and she comes back as a rule hearty and happy.

Last Winter I was called into the State of Maine. I arrived in one of the cities of that State with the thermometer at four degrees below zero. On the train was a company of actors and the leading woman was a fragile, slightly hysterical, rather weak-lunged, white-skinned, thin-blooded and somewhat pretty creature. The car in which she had traveled for one hundred miles was super-heated to discomfort. She went from the train hurriedly to the theatre, she occupied a dressing-room in which there was a window with two broken panes, into which apertures some former occupant of the box had stuffed paper. She hurriedly munched a sandwich and swallowed a cup of tea and disrobed in this room for the stage. She told me the next day when I was talking to her about this matter that when she pulled her clothing from the trunk the little flakes of frozen perspiration dropped on the floor at her feet. She had to dress herself with precipitate haste and appear upon a cold stage in a low-necked dress and bare arms. When the curtain rose the draught of cold air from the house made the men in the company shiver. On the last night of the company's performances in this town she was hurried from the theatre to catch a train and went skimming gleefully away on a Winter's morning over endless fields of snow and through bitter arctic blasts.

Afterward when in New York I used to watch the route of that company with the expectation of hearing that at some time this fragile actress had taken to a bed of sickness, that pneumonia had caught up with her somewhere in her hurrying career. But no, she went from Maine to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to Minnesota and came back to what actors call "dear old New York," looking just the same in appearance and perhaps to the critical observer somewhat improved in health and condition.

I have so often encountered this same phenomenon, I have studied it with so much care, that I should before this have arrived at something like a physiological solution of it, but I must confess that to-day I am almost as much in the dark as I was twelve years ago. I find that the vicissitudes, the aberrations, the uncertain life, the irregular meals, the violent changes of temperature, the ill-ventilated dressing-room, the cross draughts of the stage, the disappointments of the profession, all failed to affect her, as we are reasonably entitled to think they should.

Some time ago I went into the dressing-room of one of our Broadway theatres where are employed a number of young women. The rooms were heated by means of steam pipes, the thermometer which I carried in my vest pocket showed the temperature of the room to be eighty-nine degrees. When the two girls who dressed in this stall came into

it from the stage they chatted some moments and then threw open the window and there poured through it a sharp and almost withering blast of cold night air. They were scantily clad, but they laughed and paid no attention whatever to the risks they ran.

On another occasion last Summer I looked into the dressing-room of another theatre where there were five or six of these hermetical stalls in a row, without windows and no possible means of ventilation. In each one of them were two gas-jets protected by wire masks. The room was simply asphyxiating. The hydrogen lay in a heavy stratum as high as the nostrils of an ordinary person. To live in this room every night would entail some risk to the most robust constitution, but from this densely loaded atmosphere the women had to plunge upon a stage where every appliance had been brought into play to produce an artificial draught from the audience when the curtain was up.

I never heard that any of the occupants of that room caught cold or suffered any specific ill while playing at that theatre.

To the man who has paid any attention whatever to the risks of health it is incredible that the sensitive women who seek the stage as a profession do not oftener break down under the conditions which surround them. Not alone are these conditions exceptional in a physical sense, but they are altogether unique in an emotional sense. The nervous tension of an actress who has embarked her reputation and perhaps her money in a theatrical experiment which is beset by a thousand contingencies that she cannot foresee, and which in spite of all human prevision may be wrecked by a bad night, by a bad associate, by an unskilled stage manager, is something that cannot be measured by our knowledge of the ordinary cares of life. She may have been months preparing, not only herself, but others, and the preparation involved not only mental application in the way of study, but executive skill, financial sagacity, constant supervision of hundreds of details and the incalculable labor of imparting her ideas, her business and her intelligence to people about her who are untrained and may be unintelligent. She comes to her experiment worn out with rehearsals, weighed down by anxiety, conscious perhaps of public indifference and of many enemies, and she goes through her first night's performance under a strain that it is impossible to find anywhere in any other profession.

How far mental excitement, the enthusiasm of vanity and the sanguine hope of success operate to keep her up we have no exact means of knowing, but that they do in some way offset all the ills incident to such a career is, I think, indisputable to anyone who has watched the actress.

That she is at all careful or well disciplined in her emotions or prudent in her conduct I do not think can be asserted of her generally. She resorts to various kinds of stimulants from sheer necessity—sometimes it is tea; sometimes it is Moët and Chandon. She sooner or later contracts the habit of eating late suppers, and I am sorry to say in many cases, of smoking cigarettes, unless she is a vocalist, when she speedily finds out that this habit so relaxes the muscles of her throat and the vocal chords as to make it a simple question whether she will give up singing or give up the cigarette.

If she catches cold she usually doses herself with nostrums. The better advertised nostrum is the more faith she has in it. I have counted ten bottles of quack medicine on the table of one of our best known actresses. I asked her which one she was taking, she replied "all of them," and that she was going to continue until she found the right thing.

I believe she must have some invisible guardian who accompanies her through her perilous and winding maze.

I have seen a great deal of her and have watched her, now with alarm and now with wonder. I have seen her do the work of five men when she was under stress of nervous excitement and then throw herself upon her couch and recuperate in one night. I have seen her on the snow-bound train in the West when all the men were disconsolate, hungry and cold, the exultant life of the party, shaking her bloodless little fist at frost and starvation and ready to beguile death itself with a dance.

I have seen her after a three hours performance when the "heavy" man was panting like a bull, fanning herself leisurely in her

room and discussing the bills of her dress-maker with exuberant citations from "Mark Twain." I have seen her when failure came and the work of months was frostbitten in a night, dash away a few tears, go home and set to work again to build a new dream. I have seen her on her bed, worn out and suffering, when the physician advised weeks of rest and forbade her to even see her friends, get up, put on her walking costume and go down to Union Square to sign a new contract, and in three weeks I read she was playing in Montreal.

That this anomalous creature is made of different organs or different tissues from the rest of us, I do not assert. Her functions are about the same as those of ordinary humanity: she must eat, she must digest, she must breathe oxygen, she must sleep, but my experience of her is that she can eat anything, that she can get along with less oxygen and less sleep than any of us, and I ask myself what it is that gives her this immunity. I do not find that she breaks down to any large extent. I do not find her suffering on the stage with a cough or cold in her head, or with rheumatic pains. She wears less clothes sometimes than a pearl diver; she will eat Welsh rarebits, pigs' feet, mince pie, soft shell clams and hard boiled eggs at two o'clock in the morning. She will breathe sulphuretted hydrogen by the gallon and convert it into a comic song at the slightest provocation.

I am here reminded that during the war some stalwart regiments were recruited from the Pineries and the docks, and the men took their brawn into the service and were outlived, outworked and outfought by the clerks, the counterjumpers, and the men from the homes and schools.

I remember, too, now that I think of it, that it was said by the army surgeons and sanitarians that those more delicately reared men had an inward strength which the others never possessed.

I wonder if the actress possesses some elixir of life that we know nothing of?

I see her every day white with the frost of many seasons, but vital yet with the life that her service could not utterly extinguish. She does not, as a rule, die young.

I have often thought that perhaps the freedom, the elation, the stimulus of emotional endeavor, and the absence of a great deal of the conventional and unhealthy restraints of the workshop, the saloon and the home itself, may serve to lift her along in defiance of many of the daily ills which we suffer from.

Generally she is enthusiastic, and what a magnificent factor enthusiasm is in life! How it pours its champagne, tingling through all the veins! How it lights the eye, how it makes the heart pump and the pulse high! In moments of enthusiasm, which come here and there to most of us, we know what wings have been given us to surmount ordinary routines, and theirs is a life of enthusiasm. They live upon no dull plane of existence, they are always in the valleys or on the peaks. Here it is twilight and there it is sunrise. They go from one extreme to the other and wipe away their tears and carol their songs and forget in the triumph of the moment the defeats and disasters of months.

One thing is very certain: The stage is no bed of roses, and I suppose the real Spartan secret of the problem is this, that the hard conditions of an active professional life weed out and kill out all who cannot with vital resistance go through its ordeal.

In some of those arctic regions where nature is a cruel mother and life is a sharp pang with the tooth of the elements always in the flesh, we wonder how man survives at all, but I have read that the mothers throw their offspring into a snowbank when it is born, and if it survives the shock they know it will be a true Hyperborean.

There are no weak-lunged children left in such a case to make the fight.

Another thought here and I am done, and this thought has not, to my knowledge, been anywhere presented.

The trouble with civilized man at this time of day is mainly nervous. Muscular disease shows a tendency to refine itself into cerebral and cardiac symptoms. The more sensitive and refined we get the more our ailments lurk at the centre. The atmosphere of our life is overcharged with stimulants. Every day we come closer to all the events that are taking place on the planet. We are subject to converging shocks of emotion from every point of the compass.

Now it is a law of our organization that an

emotion once engendered ought to flow into expression or action. If great grief cannot transfer itself into tears the heart will break. A great fright ought to expend itself in a scream of relief; pain is provided with conduits of groans. I even think that if you were to stop the blasphemy of the rude man who is excited he would have some kind of cardiac paralysis.

Nature provides these outlets for emotion and feeling.

Civilization stops them up.

What we call culture evinces itself in suppression. The exuberant man in your parlor who weeps and laughs demonstratively is a savage. Enthusiasm is vulgar. To let emotion flow easily into the relief of motion is banal. Isn't this so? Isn't the badge of breeding repose, silence, endurance, composure, while the heart is hot and the blood is boiling?

And has culture killed or only suppressed emotion?

If you take fifty sensitive and cultivated girls out of society, will they not wear an eager, f-mished look as if they had lost all means of expressing the several thousand new things that life has provided them with.

How many silly vagaries does society invent to provide a genteel outlet for their swarming impulses! What hot flirtations, what masquerades, what sensuous religion, what caprices of art, what devices of elegant employment, what ornamental charities!

May it not be that the stage provides an outlet for the emotions that elsewhere are crushed into neuralgia, hysteria, and mania. May it not be that in depicting all phases of life and employing all her faculties in an exciting conflict, that the woman finds relief from herself.

To weep in society would be weakness. To weep on the stage is a triumph. To rouse enthusiasm in a parlor would be shameful; to awaken it in the theatre is glory.

May it not be that women who act purge themselves of much of the perilous stuff that afflicts the prisoners of the social set?

May it not be that the theatre is left to us, the only place where the emotions have free play? And may it not be that in this free transference of them into action that some relief and new elements of health, or at least of strength, may be supplied?

If it is at all so, how iniquitous is the work of those teachers who are trying to suppress emotion on the stage and who tell us with withering didacticism that actors have no business with feelings and should never experience a pang or exhibit an emotion!

NYM CRINKLE.

AN UNTRUTHFUL REPORT.

M. S. Fogle, the manager of the Beacon Lights company, which is playing this week at Jacobs' Thalia Theatre, is much exercised over the actions of George F. Learock, a former partner in the play, who is alleged to be writing to managers and stating that the star of the production is grossly incompetent.

"Neva Wharton, the lady in question," plays the part in a very satisfactory manner," said Mr. Fogle, "and there is consequently no cause for the charge that the play is being killed because she is in it. On the contrary, we are playing banner weeks through Jacobs' circuit. We played the best week of the season at his house in Providence, the best at the Kensington, Philadelphia, and from present appearances we will play the banner week at the Thalia this week."

HERRMANN'S TOUR.

"Since we left the city," said John E. Warner, manager of Herrmann, the magician, to a Mirror representative yesterday, "we have been playing to great business in Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Washington. Our receipts at Baltimore were \$7,000 on the week. What do you think of that? At the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, we did the largest week of the season, and a telegram from Washington informs me that at the opening there on Monday night hundreds were turned away. Cremation has been a wonderfully successful feature of the entertainment."

THE Edwin Forrest Lodge of the Actors Order of Friendship held its regular meeting at its room in the Broadway Theatre on Sunday last. Among the new members initiated were William H. Crane, Joseph Hawthorth, Joseph Wheelock, Edwin H. Price, Eugene Jepson, Joseph M. Humphreys, Arthur C. Moreland, M. C. Daly and Joseph Arthur.

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HARRISON GRIV FISKE,
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••• The Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

HERE'S GENUINE PROTECTION

THE novelty and utility of our plan to insure advertisers against accidents must strike every intelligent reader of the announcement we make in another part of this number. The larger portion of the profession is almost constantly journeying during three-fourths of each twelvemonth, and while thus migrating is exposed to the countless dangers of railway and steamboat travel and the myriad accidents which are common to theatrical life as it is now environed.

Accident insurance is popular with all classes of prudent people, whether located or traveling. To the actor, the manager or the agent it is, or should be, a matter of course, before starting on a tour, to take out and hold a policy in a good company. Having such a certificate in his pocket anyone of these can say to himself with satisfaction, "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety." But many professionals neglect this very necessary precaution, simply because it involves some trouble, or the assessments are inconveniently frequent, or the outlay seems a probable superfluity, or a feeling of false security from harm produces an improvident indifference to future needs.

In giving sound accident insurance gratis to its professional card advertisers THE DRAMATIC MIRROR knows that it is placing a good thing within the reach of all the people of the stage, while at the same time it is strengthening its own superior claims upon their support and patronage. Not only as an ingenious and enterprising commercial scheme is this idea put forward; we feel that it is chiefly calculated to add materially to the independence and the self-reliance of many men and women who are now comparatively regardless, in this respect at least, of the duty they owe to their friends and to themselves in making provision for indemnity and maintenance in case of accidental disability or death.

In our announcement directions are given how to obtain the safeguard and benefits of a \$5,000 policy in the Preferred Mutual Accident Association of this city, free to the advertiser. We selected this company because it is conservative and consistent, and it has paid all valid claims promptly and fully. By special agreement the Preferred Mutual will henceforth insure professionals only through the medium of our offer, and binds itself not to enter into a similar arrangement with any other journal. Thus we are given the exclusive privilege of insuring advertisers in the best company, which is no more than right when it is considered that the idea originated with and is put in operation by THE DRAMATIC MIRROR.

It must not be supposed that we are acting as the agents of the insurance company in this matter, for we are not. We simply buy from the Mutual Preferred policies for our professional card advertisers, who pay nothing to us for the certificate with which we present them. There is the whole matter in a nutshell.

Our plan of Protection, by the way, has many advantages over the one lately promul-

gated by Mr. Aldrich and his congeners. Ours actually protects the professional against distress and disaster, while the other theoretically sought to protect him from the stimulating contact with imported talent, and the healthy activity which results from fair competition.

Moreover, the success of our great Protection movement is a foregone conclusion.

THE death of MARY FISKE falls little short of a calamity to the entire dramatic profession. They had come to depend on her for entertainment and encouragement. So deeply did she impress upon her writings her own buoyant and generous personality that her readers had grown to have a rare affection for the woman as well as a great regard for the journalist.

This affection has found expression since her lamented death in the most sincere manner. Hundreds have testified to her admirable qualities and to their sense of personal loss. The funeral exercises to-day bid fair to demonstrate anew the estimation in which this remarkable and gifted woman was held, by assembling a vast concourse of friends, acquaintances and admirers, who will pay the last tribute to her memory.

To many this melancholy event has an especially sad significance. But we cannot stay mortality's strong hand. All of us must face the inevitable. Let us hope that when it comes we will have given to the world one tithe of the happiness diffused during her life here we mourn.

DISTINGUISHED DESERTERS.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT, who evidently studied with profit the philosophical saw about the man who fights and runs away, has learned that silence promotes the safety and comfort of discreet flight.

It is freshly remembered that when the late Protection bubble was being blown with the breath of honest lungs by Mr. ALDRICH and his supporters Mr. BARRETT, voluntarily and apparently in the best of faith, took the press pipe into his mouth and blew into it for all he was worth. In consequence of his exertion the airy, transparent sphere speedily underwent increased distension.

Mr. BARRETT's interview in the *Herald* on this subject stands as evidence of his opinions at the time it appeared. That interview was not obtained surreptitiously; it was printed with the actor's deliberate sanction and full authority, and to make assurance doubly sure we have it on record that it was written out and submitted to him for endorsement by the reporter before it came out in the paper. And yet Mr. BARRETT afterward permitted the *Times* to say, without subsequent contradiction, that he authorized a denial of the statement regarding his commitment to the cause of Protection; that he did not favor and had never favored the movement, and that Mr. BOOTH was of precisely the same mind.

Because we recur to this matter it must not be supposed that we have changed our own views concerning the inopportune and the inadvisability of the scheme of the Actors' Order to bring professionals under the foreign contract labor laws. We censure Messrs. BOOTH and BARRETT for their extraordinary disloyalty to a cause which they had of their own volition most publicly and enthusiastically espoused. As further showing their bent before the Protection business was raze-dazzled by adverse public opinion and repudiation at the hands of the majority of fair-minded American professionals, the fact may be mentioned that neither Mr. BARRETT nor Mr. BOOTH allied themselves with the Actors' Order until after its plan of campaign had been submitted to their careful examination and received their thorough approval and promise of moral and pecuniary support.

Later, smelling defeat, both these distinguished gentlemen fled from the field, leaving friendly newspapers to explain their desertion in the most convenient and plausible way, and to throw dust into inquiring eyes in the hope and expectation that it might be forgotten on which side of the conflict they had previously been enlisted. The men who desert from the ranks of a victorious host may seem to be unreasonable and eccentric; but the men who take to their heels when the tide of battle turns against the banners under which they have drawn their weapons furnish a spectacle of nauseous pusillanimity.

We can readily understand how the weak or the defenceless might quail under the mighty pressure of public disapprobation, but Messrs. BARRETT and BOOTH, the most conspicuous and impregnable situated men in the entire profession, were the first as they were the only actors in this valiant but losing fight to throw down their arms and run to cover.

SOMETHING TO CRITICISE.

OLD school observers complain that the criticism of the present day lacks nicety and discrimination. A good part of it is regarded as perfunctory and operated very much as the linked stereotypes used in country newspaper offices. Sentences are sent piece after piece like slung-shot and dispose of the performances with traditional platitudes or current lingo.

This may be ascribed a good deal to the identity and monotony of the plays produced. They have no essential character, no originality, to spur the critics to earnest appreciation and ardent approval.

In other days when the stage had the benefit of dramatists distinguished for their wholesome fertility, one or more new plays of the first quality being produced every week, there were new characters which developed the creative sympathy of actors and furnished new subjects for the expansion and energizing of their talents.

Nowadays, says the old school censor, there is nothing to criticize; the plays offered being acknowledged on the face to be no more than ingenious rehearsals of worn-out plots served up with stage success and condiments provided by the property man.

Nor must we fail to take into account that the earlier journalists had in the actors subjects calculated to stir the blood and wake up the very soul of the critic, GEORGE FREDERICK COOPER, COOPER, CHARLES and FANNY KEMBLE, TYBONE POWER, MACREADY, the elder BOOTH, FORREST, CUSHMAN and their compeers, whose splendid interpretation of SHAKESPEARE, SHERRIDAN, GOLDSMITH and KNOWLES was almost like seeing a new play, and enjoying the dawn of characters just sprung upon the horizon.

Another serious balk upon judicious criticism of our day is, so to speak, the constant shifting and readjustment of the vices and liver and lights of half-born plays. And to make matters worse this sort of manikin remodeling is not always done by the hand that finishes the prototype, but is supplied by the leading comedy man, prompter, or utility scribe of the theatre. Of course, this mode of proceeding is fatal to all unity, symmetry and individuality, and we have a lot of marionettes wabbling about the stage in skits, singing mistimed topical songs and shying at the audience platitudes drawn from some common-place incident out of the newspapers which happened day before yesterday, or may happen the day after to-morrow. This is called Realism, but its real name is Trash.

PERSONAL.

LINGARD.—Nellie Lingard, who will be remembered as a popular soubrette, is making her mark in England. At a recent matinee she played Violet Gwynne in *Bachelor Quarters* at the Prince of Wales Theatre so creditably as to receive especial notice from the press.

THORNE.—Grace Thorne, daughter of the late C. W. Thorne, Jr., is said to have proven a decidedly strong Annie Dennison in *Forgiven*. She has been made a flattering offer by Frederick Bryton for next season and she will probably accept it.

RUSSELL.—Little Tommy Russell was presented last week with a silver medal by the children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, where he had appeared as Little Lord Fauntleroy.

BARNUM.—P. T. Barnum's handsome new residence at Seaside Park, Bridgeport, Conn., was almost totally destroyed by fire on last Friday. The loss was between \$20,000 and \$30,000. No insurance.

MITCHELL.—It is stated that Maggie Mitchell will make a trip to California and Australia next season, and that at the close of the tour she will probably go to Germany to visit her daughter who is being educated there.

RICE.—Fanny Rice has signed to remain at the Casino another year.

HARRISON.—Louis Harrison has introduced his topical song, "When Chung-e-Lung reaches High C," into *The Pearl of Peking*. It has made a decided hit.

DOLARO.—The younger daughter of Selina Dolaro will be sent abroad and placed at school for two or three years. She has exhibited dramatic ability and will embrace the profession when she is old enough.

GERRISH.—Sylvia Gerrish leaves the *Nadja* cast at the Casino on the 9th inst. to join The Yeomen of the Guard company on the road preparatory to its production in Boston.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport is still ill. She has been resting in this city, but will resume her season in La Tosca in Buffalo to-morrow (Thursday) night.

CONWAY.—Lillian Conway, who is seriously ill, was removed from Buffalo to this city last Friday. She is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. When sufficiently recovered she will go to England to join her sister, Mrs. Osmond Tearle.

DORR.—Mrs. M. F. Dorr calls attention to a mistake in the first name of Miss Dorr, which appeared last week as Daisy instead of Dorothy, as it should have been.

PALMER.—Miss Phyllis Langworthy Palmer, the youngest and most important member of A. M. Palmer's household, has been photographed very successfully in several positions indicative of infantile astonishment and glee.

BANCROFT.—It is not likely that Helen Bancroft will remain a member of Mrs. Potter's company after the engagement at Palmer's. She has other offers under consideration.

BOOTH.—Since Edwin Booth became Barretized he seems to have lost much of the tact and accuracy of judgment, as applied to ordinary mundane affairs, which formerly distinguished him.

PRICE.—W. T. Price resigned the dramatic editorship of the *Star* a couple of weeks ago and W. F. G. Shanks is now covering the theatre for that paper. Mr. Price has been engaged by Manager Palmer to finish the compilation of the history of the latter's managerial career, a work that will occupy several months.

DALY.—Frequent complaint is made to us by ladies who state that they have suffered gross and gratuitous discourtesy at the hands of Augustin Daly. That person seems to imagine, for some occult reason, that he enjoys special exemption from those ordinary requirements which are exacted from most people in their social and business relations.

FUND.—The trustees of the Actors' Fund will hold their monthly meeting on Thursday.

MADDERN.—Minnie Maddern has been contributing some sprightly and vigorous articles to Western newspapers. She writes, as she acts, naturally and sincerely.

EYRE.—Sophie Eyre will present a new play, *Larissa*, at a matinee at Palmer's Theatre shortly, and is now endeavoring to secure suitable talent.

CLAYTON.—During Estelle Clayton's recent engagement at the Mozart Academy of Music, Richmond, Va., the actress was entertained by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. The *Quick* or the *Dead* is continuing its season to very large business.

COX.—Samuel P. Cox, manager of Frank Daniels, has been presented by his star with a very handsome solid gold match box, studded with diamonds, sapphires and emeralds. The box has this inscription on the back: "Frank to Sam."

LEVICK.—Gus Levick has been engaged by Frank Curtis to play the leading role in *Harbor Lights*. The piece will go from Niblo's to the Boston Theatre, then to the New England circuit.

ADAMS.—Maud Adams has been released by Daniel Frohman in order that she may accept an engagement to appear in *A Midnight Bell* at the Bijou in March.

FORREST.—Arthur Forrest, who relinquished his position as leading man with Kate Claxton on account of illness, is well and in harness again.

LACONIC.—The *Sun*, last Sunday, had this seven-word editorial on Mrs. Langtry's appearance as Rosalind: "Mrs. Langtry's must be pronounced the handsomest." The conspicuous lack of an antecedent context does not add to the perspicacity of this *Sun* spotlet.

LOTTA.—Lotta bought the building at No. 1939 Madison Avenue in this city the other day for \$20,500.

REGID.—Franklin Regid has inherited \$20,000 through the recent death of his grandmother, who was one of the wealthiest as well as one of the oldest residents of Henry Street, Brooklyn.

LANGTRY.—In an interview Mrs. Langtry expressed her satisfaction with the reception that the press and the public have given her in *Macbeth*. It is her intention to play only *Macbeth* on the road, with *As You Like It* at the matinees. She remains at the Fifth Avenue Theatre until March 2, when she goes to Philadelphia and Boston, playing two weeks in each city. Then she returns and plays in the vicinity of the metropolis, where she closes her season.

YONK.—May Yonk joined the Natural Gas company at the Bijou Theatre on Monday night.

DUFF.—It is said that J. C. Duff will assume the management of the Gaiety Burlesque company on Feb. 18, and that in a few weeks he will sail for England to arrange for a return of the company to the Standard Theatre next season.

THE USHER.



And him who cant The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

New ideas do not materialize every day, but THE DRAMATIC MIRROR trots out one of the genuine article this week in its accident insurance plan, which is a complete novelty in the way of journalistic enterprise. Actors are exposed to the hazards of travel more than any other class except commercial travelers. Ninety in every hundred of the latter take out accident policies, experience having proved that it is a paying investment. The actor who inserts a card in this paper under the advertised conditions gets the full value of its cost in publicity, with a paid-up certificate thrown in free, gratis, and for nothing. With a card in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR and a \$5,000 insurance policy in his pocket the professional can brave the perils of his nomadic life in enviable security of mind.

By the way, THE DRAMATIC MIRROR consists of twenty pages this week, comprising eighty columns. It presents, I think, an exceptionally interesting fund of news, criticism, comment and miscellaneous theatrical reading matter.

The correspondent "Veritas," whose letter appears elsewhere, exploits several of the familiar fallacies respecting newspaper integrity that are frequently trotted out by the wisacres who don't know what they are talking about. The class of men who seriously entertain the idea that critics can be seduced from the path of duty by the liberal dispensation of wine and cigars are twins with the other class that believes the average actress swims in an ocean of champagne and sleeps between silk sheets. Perhaps I have had as good opportunities of observing the character and habits of our dramatic writers as "Veritas," and the conclusion I have reached is that our critics—whatever may be their faults of judgment—as a rule are honest, well-meaning men, who take a lot of unnecessary abuse with rare good nature, and pursue their rather difficult and ungrateful pursuit as conscientiously as possible. I cannot remember one instance where dinners, wines and cigars have been brought into play successfully. If "Veritas" should ever be a manager let him try it if he wishes to find out how prone mortals are to error and how unpleasant sometimes are the results of stupid blunders.

Judge Patterson has granted the Dramatic Fund Association's application for dissolution, adopting the view taken by the referee in his report. But it by no means follows that the conflict is ended or that a scheme which is disregarded with honest disfavor by many professionals will be certainly carried into effect. Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer will appeal from Judge Patterson's opinion, and then three judicial minds instead of one will cope with the question finally.

The learned judge's statement that because there is but one objecting party in seventy the decree should be granted is somewhat peculiar. Where a question of right or wrong, or even a question of law is concerned, justice is not measured by considerations of the number of persons interested on one side or the other. Right is not might, nor has it any numerical qualifications. If it is wrong for one member of the Dramatic Fund to strive to divide up and pocket its property it is equally wrong for seventy. This simple fact surely ought not to have escaped the judge in this case.

Not long ago my correspondent at Honey Grove, Texas, reported that Irene Crowell and her company had performed M'iss there. The manager claimed that he had secured the right to represent the piece, but the correspondent thought differently, sent the facts on, and the matter was referred to Robert Fulford. He has just written me as follows: "No one has the right to play M'iss except Y'm Pixley. The piece has been duly copyrighted and all the requirements of the law complied with. I think your correspondents would confer a great benefit on the profession by notifying owners and proprietors of theatres in their several districts that they are liable to damages in allowing stolen M's plays to be done in their houses. We cannot always pursue the pirates. They are hydra-headed and impecunious, and we should probably

have our labor for our pains." Our correspondents frequently take the action in these cases described by Mr. Fulford, but I should be glad if they did it oftener.

Since early this morning the office has been thronged with coming and going friends of Mary Fiske. Sincere sorrow was stamped on every face and the numberless kindnesses, the noble traits of the dead writer, were spoken of in sad, affectionate words. Letters and telegrams denoting heartfelt grief are coming from every quarter. This shocking event has cast a gloom over the whole profession.

LOIE FULLER IN THE TROPICS.

The subjoined communication has been received from Loie Fuller, who is at present playing with considerable success in the West Indies. After recounting in an enthusiastic manner the way in which William Morris and the company were received, Miss Fuller writes:

"I am quite well now, though so awfully busy studying and rehearsing that it was all I could do to tear myself away long enough to write this letter. However, I always make a point to keep a promise and I am in a great hurry to tell you how pleased we are with Jamaica, and how we have become perfectly enamored of the people who are hospitality itself.

"But I suppose you would wish me to begin at the beginning, and tell you something of our trip. You may remember the frightful storm that was raging the night after the day we left New York. All that night we were tossed around like a toy on the water. The next day it was just as bad, but by that time we were all too sick to realize how frightful the water really was. In fact it was rough all the way until we left the Gulf Stream. After that it was perfectly lovely. Our only stop on the way down was at Fortune Island (one of the Bahamas) where we left mail to be taken back to New York by the next steamer, and took on a boatload of black laborers.

"We sighted the Island of Jamaica at 1 o'clock on Friday afternoon. When we got up to Port Royal it was too late to enter the harbor, so we anchored there till morning. Bright and early we arose on Saturday, determined to get a good view of the place, and we were well repaid for our trouble. The scene before us was delightful. It is almost useless for my weak pen to attempt a description. On our right was Old Port Royal with its quaint houses, tropical trees and flowers; in front a man-o-war's man and a receiving ship, with the bay smooth as a mirror, stretching away to the city of Kingston, nestled at the base of the mountain whose top rises 7,000 feet above the sea; on our left the ocean. Can you imagine anything more lovely?

"Of course you don't want me to dwell on such humdrum matters as the visit of the doctor, and the call of the Customs House officers. The latter only opened three or four trunks, and handled nothing, apparently not at all curious. (When I come to think of it, I begin to realize that it may have been because the trunks were too large, and they were lazy). However, it was fortunate for us, and we thanked them. During the storm several barrels of flour had been broken open, and everything was buried in white, trunks included. That did not make them very inviting for gentlemen in blue clothes and brass buttons to handle, even if those gentlemen were as black as night.

"At last we got into this funny old town of Kingston. There is not a house in the place over two stories high, while the streets are narrow and there are no sidewalks. On each side of the street, though, are solid brick walks with an iron fence on the top. Stone steps lead up to a heavy iron gate in front of each house. You have to knock at this gate in order to get in, but when you do get in you find it charming.

"The houses and gardens are oriental in their loveliness. Fountains, natural springs, and large stone bath tubs abound among the palms, fruits and flowers. The climate is lovely—warm during the day, deliciously cool at night. We have a very nice boarding place. Large, airy rooms open on the verandah that goes clear around the house. The servants are the best I ever saw and on the whole we are delighted. We have fine fruit, too—oranges, limes, bananas, grapes, sapidillo, and fine apples are on the table all the time, and they are fresh from the garden. Besides that, we have musk and water melons. I am getting plenty of rest, and we live very quietly and contentedly. Besides, playing only three nights a week is a picnic."

DAN'L SULLY'S NEW PLAY.

On Sunday last Dan'l Sully accompanied by his manager, W. O. Wheeler, arrived in this city from Washington.

"We came on," said Mr. Wheeler, "for Mr. Sully has gone on again to Richmond, Va., where he opened on Monday night, for the purpose of seeing Manager J. W. Rosenquest with a view of presenting Mr. Sully's new play Con Conroy & Co., at the Fourteenth Street Theatre next June. The result of the trip was all that we could have desired. Mr.

Rosenquest promising to come to Chicago to see the first production of the play there at the Haymarket Theatre on May 5.

"The play is in three acts and is a New York comedy with splendid opportunity for local color and local touches of humor and pathos. We have given the order for the building of the scenery, and we will carry every bit of scenery that the piece requires. The production will need some thirty odd people, including a double quartette, and choruses. Mr. Sully is now selecting people for the production, while of our present company we will retain Max Arnold, Master Malvey, Phil McFarland and several others.

"As to our season. Since we've been here last—some six months ago—we have virtually been from Dan to Beersheba. We have gone along quietly, making very little noise, but for all that we have had the best season we've ever had. We started from Chicago last August, went thence through Duluth to Winnipeg, over the Northern Pacific to Tacoma, Seattle and Victoria, the latter being the furthest point in the Northwest that we touched. From there we went South as far as San Diego, Southern California, and back over the Central Pacific. Our exceptionally good business out there was in the three towns I have mentioned, in San Francisco, in Manager Wyatt's Southern circuit and in Charles P. Hall's houses in Sacramento. The latter city, by Mr. Hall's untiring efforts, has become a paying one for good attractions. Our repertoire consisted mainly of Daddy Nolan, with an occasional revival of The Corner Grocery. We do not come back to this city until we appear at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, although we play at Williamsburg and Brooklyn. Mr. Sully is in excellent health, despite the fact that he has had a hard season of continuous work. However, he has a strong constitution, and is able to stand it."

HOWARD P. TAYLOR'S PLAYS.

Howard P. Taylor left this city on Tuesday last for San Francisco. He will make a tour of the Pacific coast. He intends to produce some new plays in San Francisco, and regarding these productions, in conversation with a MIRROR reporter, he said:

"I shall take with me thirteen new plays, mostly original. I intend to produce these plays at one of the San Francisco theatres if proper dates offer. I have made partial arrangements to that effect, but the date of production is as yet unsettled. It has been proposed to me by a prominent manager of the Pacific coast to produce these pieces consecutively, allowing each to run as long as it will, and the negotiations are yet pending.

"The probabilities are that I will accept the offer. At the termination of this engagement a strong company will be organized and the pieces played throughout the coast circuit and thence East. The plays are The Little Pauper, Crissy, Nina, Drummer in Petticoats, Spasms (the two latter are farce comedies), Infatuation, The Widow, The Flaxen Chamer, Dimples, The Little Sinner, Chick, The Pretty Teamster, and one other as yet unchristened. Idalia Cotton, daughter of the old minstrel, Ben Cotton, opens at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sacramento, Cal., on the 11th inst., in one of these plays. The Little Sinner, while in all probability Gracie Emmet will star in The Little Pauper next season, negotiations to that effect now progressing. Floy Crowell, as you know, has been playing Infatuation all this season, and it is extremely gratifying to me that she has met with most undoubted success.

"While I regret leaving New York, having made so many good friends and pleasant acquaintances in the Empire City, I hope soon to return to the scene of my successes, armed with new material, for I propose writing during my absence a thoroughly typical play of life in the interior of California. I don't believe that that subject has ever yet been treated fairly."

MORE COMMENDATIONS.

OUR LITTLE CHURCH PICTURES.

New York Press.

Harrison Grey Fiske's DRAMATIC MIRROR publishes a very admirable series of "Little Church Around the Corner" pictures. Every member of the profession should get and frame them.

FAIREST, BEST EDITED, NEWSIEST.

Buffalo Express.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, under the capable direction and management of that bright young critic, Harrison Grey Fiske, is apparently swimming in a sea of prosperity. It comes this week enlarged in size and looking as bright in a new make-up as a reading of its contents proves it to be. The old, familiar and attractive title-head has been discarded for one that savors strongly of Jeffersonian simplicity. It is too insignificant looking to clutter so much good matter, but the reader should be satisfied if the publisher is for it allows greater space to be devoted to more interesting material. Mr. Fiske has built THE MIRROR up from a weak foundation, and it is now generally recognized as the fairest, best edited and newsiest dramatic journal printed in this country. Those excellent specialists, Joe Howard, Nym Crinkle and The Giddy Gusher, are in themselves a combination that would make a paper's reputation.

COMMANDS AND DESERVES SUCCESS.

Boston Post.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR—which is hereafter to be known as THE DRAMATIC MIRROR—came out last week in a new dress throughout. The number of pages is increased from twelve to sixteen, the slight

reduction in the size of the page adding greatly to the attractiveness and convenience of the journal. The new type is very clear and beautiful, and the abandonment of the customary portrait on the first page adds greatly to the dignity of this admirable publication. In fact, THE DRAMATIC MIRROR has now the opportunity to become more than ever the one cultivated and influential and impartial organ of the theatrical profession. It not only commands success, but it deserves it.

IN THE VAN.

Toledo, O., Morning Commercial.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR of last week is brim full of theatrical and musical notes and criticisms of a high order. In dress and appearance, as well as in the sterling contributions by its corps of writers, THE MIRROR is in the van of all similar publications.

VASTLY IMPROVED ALL ROUND.

Glens Falls Daily Times.

We are in receipt of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR of last Saturday. This well-known paper has taken on a new form, a new dress, and is vastly improved in every way. With Joe Howard, "Nym Crinkle" "The Giddy Gusher" for contributors, Harrison Grey Fiske for editor, and with its unrivaled staff of correspondents, THE MIRROR is certainly the leading dramatic paper of the country.

WE'RE SURE YOU WILL.

Waterbury Daily American.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR appears in a complete change of make-up. We had become attached to the old style, but this is more businesslike and we may get used to it.

PRE-EMINENTLY "THE" DRAMATIC JOURNAL.

Werner's Voice Magazine.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR evidences its prosperity and progressiveness by donning a new typographical dress and by assuming a smaller page and more convenient form. The paper is enlarged and improved in various respects, and is pre-eminently the dramatic journal of America. We congratulate its able and fearless owner and editor, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, and wish him still greater success.

MUCH BETTER.

Richmond, Va., Daily Times.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the leading dramatic journal of the country, has changed its form. It is now a sixteen page paper, and this enlargement and change of shape and general make-up is really creditable. Its appearance is much better than before and more convenient. The credentials to its correspondents are neat and beautiful.

VASTLY IMPROVED.

Brooklyn Citizen.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR has come out in a new dress, and changed its title to THE DRAMATIC MIRROR. Typographically it is vastly improved, and the make-up, the only drawback in the old form, is convenient and well arranged. Editor Fiske makes a strong bid for increased popularity and prosperity by adding excellent features to his interesting paper.

THE BEST OF ITS CLASS.

Norristown, Pa., Daily Herald.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR, the best paper of its class published, appears in an entirely new dress of modern design, which gives it a very neat and pleasing appearance. The letter press, under the editorship of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, could not be improved.

THE ONLY AMERICAN DRAMATIC PAPER.

New Bedford, Mass., Standard.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR is the NEW YORK MIRROR in a new and improved form. THE MIRROR is now the only purely dramatic sheet published in this country. Its editor says the extra roomage is to be utilized in extending out-of-town correspondence, and it may be expected New Bedford will be given the space her position in the theatrical world demands.

MORE CONVENIENT.

Boston Morning Journal.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR appears in new form this week, presenting its usual admirable collection of news and breezy articles in a more convenient system.

THE PROFESSION'S STEADFAST FRIEND.

Bethlehem (Pa.) Times.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR (which will hereafter be known as THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR), the leading publication of the theatrical profession, appeared this week in an entirely new dress of type and has been increased in size from twelve to sixteen pages. The pages are pasted and cut, and its new shape makes it more convenient to handle than heretofore. The current issue, like all others, is brimful of matters of interest to the profession, and its out-of-town correspondence is especially interesting to local managers, who desire to follow up the success of traveling companies. Harrison Grey Fiske, the able editor and proprietor, has done nothing since his advent in THE MIRROR office but study the advantage of managers and stage people, and he has so far succeeded as to be able to boast now of leading the van in theatrical journalism. THE MIRROR can not help but increase in sales and popularity with those to whom it has always been a steadfast friend.

AT THE HEAD.

Boston Transcript.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR has assumed a new form—smaller pages than before and sixteen of them—and appears with new type of remarkable beauty and with the distinguishing adjective "Dramatic" incorporated in its title. Promises of enlarged correspondence and of several new features are made, so that the paper will remain at the head of its class in this country with small likelihood of losing its prominence. Nym Crinkle's articles will be continued, and Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske is still the editor and sole proprietor. Very shrewdly the editor remarks in his salutatory: "The omission of the portraits which formerly appeared on the first page will probably not be regretted or regarded as a serious loss. They have been discontinued because they are hackneyed and possessed neither of artistic merit nor attractiveness. The public and the profession have been nauseated with wood and process engravings of the ordinary stamp by their excessive use in every class of newspaper." Portraits and other illustrations of a good order of workmanship will be furnished, however, on occasion.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

New York Amusement Gazette.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR appeared under its new name and in its new dress last week. It is now a sixteen-page paper of four, instead of five, columns, without pictures, and about sixteen inches to the column. The type is much smaller and not leaded, so that an increased amount of matter can be gotten into the same space. THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR now has a decidedly serious appearance, and reminds one of the Era in reduced form. It is a great improvement over the old style, and suggests a success above all others.

AT THE THEATRES.

FOURTEENTH STREET—2d, SECOND FLOOR.

Mrs. John Ellis. Annie Plisley
Miss Flora Featherstone. Elsie Gerome
Mrs. Wynkoop. Mollie Ravel
Polly. Adelaide J. Eaton
Amphytrion H. Smith. M. C. Daly
John Ellis. John T. Burke
Joseph Brennan
Frederick Sackett
Barney Binney. B. F. Grinnell
J. Harrington Bennett. A. E. White

On last Monday night the Fourteenth Street Theatre was filled with a goodly number of first-nighters, journalists and managers to witness the *premier* of a new play by George H. Jessop, described as a modern Comedy of Errors, bearing the strange title of No. 22, Second Floor. It is most diverting and turns upon the ludicrous contretemps arising from the mistaken identity of twin sisters. The play opens with a pretty and idyllic picture of marital bliss in the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis in Pinkerton's Hotel, New York, where they live with a faithful waiting-maid and have no cares beyond "an angel treasure" of a baby. The seeds of confusion are sown by Smith, an old friend of Ellis, who induces him to visit a pretty actress, Miss Flora Featherstone. The actress is a sister of Mrs. Ellis, and exactly like her. While Ellis and Smith are gone to get theatre tickets, and Mrs. Ellis has taken a walk, the actress, who has engaged No. 22, second floor of the same hotel, is shown into the apartments by Jinkerson, the landlord, and supposing them to be the rooms engaged by her advance agent, she is much pained to find the landlord imagining her to be Mrs. Ellis, suddenly gone crazy on account of her repudiating the baby and the lady's maid, and other incomprehensible things. The next development is at a supper given by the actress in her rooms, which is attended by Smith and Ellis. The latter is amazed and horrified at seeing, as he supposes, his wife in the person of the actress. His reproaches and remonstrances are perfectly unintelligible to the actress, who thinks him a lunatic; he, on the other hand, thinks that his wife is playing an outrageous and disgraceful practical joke. Smith, for his part, whenever he meets Mrs. Ellis takes her for the actress, and equally ludicrous blundering takes place, as in the case of Mr. Ellis and the actress. The advance agent also gets hold of the wrong lady to their mutual confusion. The landlord likewise is fruitful in mistakes from his supposing his two guests to be Mrs. Ellis only. In the end, all is explained by the discovery of the relationship between the ladies, though not before both Smith and the advance agent have been soundly thrashed by Ellis for paying too much attention to his supposed wife. The play is full of complications and farcical situations, but its ingenuity of construction places it half way between farce and comedy. It is a great advance upon recent efforts in the direction of farce-comedy, being embellished with some elegant dances of the minuet style, and pretty songs without being disguised by coarse burlesque. It is a farce well sustained, played by an excellent company in comedy style. The dual roles of Mrs. Ellis and Flora Featherstone, the actress, were played by the genial and sprightly Annie Plisley with all the versatile vivacity which distinguishes her, and her acting of the free and easy actress at her festive supper table was piquant and able. Her impersonation of the happy wife and mother in the first act was charming, and put the audience into a state of pleasurable interest which was not lost again.

Polly, the lady's maid, was cleverly played by Mollie Ravel, but the powder on her face was so conspicuous that it distracted the attention of spectators from the comic expressions of her features. John Ellis, the husband, under the varying aspects of undisturbed affection for his wife and child, rage and astonishment at his supposed wife's frivolity, followed by gentle and pained anxiety at her supposed madness, was admirably and naturally acted by John T. Burke. Another decidedly clever impersonation was given by M. C. Daly as Amphytrion Smith, the actress-hunting pleasure seeker, and much of the amusement centred upon him. Frederick Sackett played the hustling advance agent, Rates, aptly satirizing the ways of that peculiar species of theatrical man. B. F. Grinnell would have played Barney Binney, the hall boy, if he had not been too noisy—clear speaking on the stage is a thing of high importance, but it is scarcely commendable to hit the ears of an audience with a persistently loud voice. Joseph Brennan played the hotel-keeper strongly and made it an effective character sketch. Adelaide J. Eaton as Mrs. Johnson, Elsie Gerome as Mrs. Wynkoop, and B. F. Grinnell as Mr. Bennett were commendable and helped the piece to a successful issue. The last of the *dramatis personae* was one who found great favor with the house and who was named in the programme as "a Baby." It was surely one of the most *chic* little specimens of its kind that could be put on the stage. The piece was produced under the stage direction of Ben

Teal and reflected great credit upon Jim. Next week, Maggie Mitchell.

WINDSOR.—HAVERLY-CLEVELAND MINSTRELS.

Those of us who remember the monster-mastodon-mammoth minstrel shows of Haverly in his palmy days will not be surprised that he should have returned to his old love, or at least to have allowed the use of his name in connection with the troupe performing at the Windsor Theatre this week. Indeed, the Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels furnish a lively entertainment, and no one will regret an evening spent in their company, that is from the side of the footlights where you can laugh at the jokes of the burnt-cork comedians, listen to the singing of white-faced warblers clad in the garb of old-time courtiers, and watch the nimble Japanese troupe in their wonderful gymnastic and balancing feats. Of the endmen, Frank Cushman may be said, in negro parlance, to take the cake. He combines humor with pleasing vocal talent, which is rather a rare combination in the average tambo. John Queen and R. G. Knowles are also decided acquisitions. Howe and Doyle introduced a terpsichorean novelty entitled "The Power of Music," figuring as bronze statues at the back of the stage until the melodious strains of the orchestra compel them to descend from their pedestals and clog for all they are worth. The gold medal for agility, however, should be awarded to Takaragawa's Imperial Japanese troupe with its four little "all rights." Some of their feats have probably never been equaled by the other Japanese troupes. Next week, Annie Pixley in The Deacon's Daughter.

HARRIGAN'S PARK.—PETE.

The revival of Pete at Harrigan's Park Theatre on last Thursday night was witnessed by a crowded house. The one great change made in the revival, namely, the assumption of the role of Alderman Constantine Brannigan by Mr. Harrigan, who doubles that part with that of Pete, is without doubt a beneficial one, for although he has many clever people in his company, there are none so well fitted in Irish-American roles as the actor-manager himself. Joseph Sparks played Vile, but while the characterization was a good one, that of Dan Collyer was such a wild, weird creation, that the former actor is badly handicapped by the contrast presented to the minds of those who saw the play on its first production. Anne O'Neil made much of the role of Marie Coolidge, preferring wisely to tone down the performance somewhat from that given by Esther Williams, and Mrs. Yeamans was as funny as ever as Mary Duffy. All of Dave Braham's compositions were encored again and again, and Manager Mart Hanley can feel assured that Pete will renew its success.

THIRD AVENUE.—PAT.

Bartley Campbell's domestic drama, Pat, was presented at the Third Avenue Theatre on last Monday night to a large audience. The occasion was one of more than usual prominence, as it served as the initial introduction of Lee Lamar as a star to a metropolitan audience. Miss Lamar is a young woman of more than ordinary histrionic talent, and is possessed of considerable personal charms as well. She made a very favorable impression as Helen Farraday, and was particularly clever in the light comedy scenes. In the stronger passages she lacked force. James A. Mahoney was an excellent Richard Paulding. George W. Larsen as Blane was good. Benjie Taylor as Jane Temple, the adventuress, looked handsome. Miss McGregor made a pleasing Parthenia Dyer. Next week, The Kindergarten.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

An audience that filled the Grand Opera House to the doors, greeted E. H. Sothern in The Highest Bidder on last Monday night. But few changes have been made in the cast since the play was last seen in this city. Mr. Sothern repeated his delightful portrayal of the love trials of Jack Hammetton, the diffident auctioneer, and was heartily applauded throughout. C. B. Bishop's work as the choleric though good-hearted Bonham Cheviot was warmly appreciated. Belle Archer, Maud Adams, Kate Pattison, Herbert Archer and Rowland Kustone were all painstaking and capable.

THALIA.—BEACON LIGHTS.

The brusqueness of character, the picturesqueness of scene and the excitement of action served to make Beacon Lights a pleasing bill at the Thalia Theatre on last Monday night. The audience was particularly large and wildly demonstrative. Frank Evans played Charles Hadley with some talent. Odell Williams made a fiery Col. Calhoun. J. Hay Conner as Will Dawson was excellent. Gracie Emmett made a lively and tantalizing Carrie. The scenery was good. Next week, Nobody's Claim.

STAR.—THE WIFE.

The Wife was presented at the Star Theatre on Monday night to a large house. Mrs. Berlan Gibbs, who played Helen Truman, gave a satisfactory performance and received an abundance of applause and flowers. Mr. Whitcomb was a strong John Rutherford

and Adeline Stanhope, a dramatic Lucille Fernant. Mr. Dickson was amusing as Jack Dexter. The other parts were in good hands. At the end of each act there was a call.

AT OTHER HOUSES.

The loves and misfortunes of Antony and Cleopatra still prove attractive to hundreds of playgoers, this fact being plainly endorsed by the crowded houses at Palmer's nightly.

A pleasing programme of a vaudeville nature is being presented at Tony Pastor's all this week. It won the approval of a large house on Monday evening.

The Old Homestead at the Academy of Music jogs along on the even tenor of its way to audiences that never seem to grow less. The popularity of Josh Whitcomb is wonderful.

Pretty girls, shapely figures, lovely music and lively action have again put renewed life into Nadij and the Casino seems far too small to hold the audiences that crowd into it. Lillian Russell's popularity seems on the increase.

From present prospects Captain Swift will run out the season at the Madison Square Theatre. The houses these past few weeks have been of large size, and the enthusiasm for the clever acting of the company does not flag.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre Macbeth still holds its own to good houses.

Natural Gas may honestly be called the laughing success of the season here. While criticism pales before its many and pronounced "farce-comedy" features, there is no denying the fact that the New York public enjoys it.

Little Elsie Leslie and Tommy Russell continue to divide the honors with Mrs. Burnett at the Broadway Theatre, where Little Lord Fauntleroy is still wet over by the mothers of New York's little ones.

Great is magic, and Keller is its prophet. This is still the motto at Dockstader's, where the magician entered upon his second week to a crowded house.

Sweet Lavender, the daintiest little play seen in the metropolis for years, is still being appreciated, while the excellent acting of the Lyceum Theatre stock company is enjoyed as it should be.

The move of The Pearl of Pekin from the Bijou to the Standard Theatre seems to have been a good one, as large houses attest the hold which the light music of the burlesque has made upon the affections of the public.

MORE NEW MEMBERSHIPS.

Since the last issue of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR three more life members have come in. These are the names:

CORA URQUHART POTTER,
WILLIAM W. RANDALL,
GEORGE A. BEANE.

This is another excellent showing. We are glad to note this evidence of Mrs. Potter's honest sympathy with the profession she has adopted, and it gives us pleasure to enroll her name with the others. Mr. Randall is the first manager's agent to thus identify himself with the Fund. We hope his good example will be followed by others. Mr. Beane is a sturdy theatrical yeoman, and we welcome him into the fold. This week's list brings the total number of new life members up to twelve, who have in the aggregate paid \$200 for their certificates. Good!

The annual members are not yet coming in as fast as we would like, but the list is steadily growing. Six good men and true and one fair lady have responded to the call within the past seven days. Here are the names:

ALICE KING HAMILTON,
FREDERICK L. POWER,
J. J. LAUNY,
GEORGE E. LASK,
EDGERS JEFFERSON,
C. H. PHILLIPS,
ROBERT VANCE.

Mr. Lask writes as follows:

"I hope my \$5 will be but the harbinger of thousands from the 'native sons of the Golden West'—California."

Mr. Randall accompanied his cheque for \$50 with these words:

"I take pleasure in handing you enclosed cheque for \$50 for a life membership in the Actors' Fund of America. I am glad to see that your efforts in behalf of this noble organization are beginning to be appreciated. There is no question whatever that the Fund has been of incalculable benefit to the theatrical profession, and I hope you will continue to succeed in your good work."

We are grateful for Mr. Randall's substantial aid and hearty encouragement.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:
DEAR SIR.—I notice in your issue this week a most unbecomingly cowardly and malicious attack on my character over the signature of one Duncan Harrison, manager of The Paymaster company, and I beg your indulgence and space to reply to the same.

The person in question actually begged me to remain in his company and I refused; and every member of the said company knows the same to be true. He then went to several of the ladies and gentlemen of his company and said he would do all in his power to injure me in my profession (of which I have had the honor to be a member for twelve years), and this is the method he chose. Well, it is worthy of the individual.

He states that in New Haven my condition was such that I could not articulate. Now he was not in New Haven. (Misunderstanding with a sheriff. Mr. Neil O'Brien was playing the part of the Paymaster

and on Friday night met with an accident which disabled him. The next night at a moment's notice I played the part of the Paymaster, and my defective articulation was the means of carrying the company to the next town, for before my performance the company's treasury was represented by a large 0. For this service the individual in question had not the decency to even thank me.

I have not mentioned Mr. Harrison or his business affairs to anyone since I left The Paymaster company, but since he has accused me of it I shall now let some light on the subject.

At the time I closed with The Paymaster company (Jan. 15) Mr. Harrison did owe his company from two to three weeks salary, and I can prove that since that date there has been great dissension in The Paymaster company owing to non-payment of salaries.

The true reason for my leaving the company was that I had received the offer of a better engagement, and as I was tired of Mr. Harrison's chicanery I accepted it. Very respectfully,

ELMER ELLSWORTH GRAMM.

A TIMELY PLEA FOR THE SUPER.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 19, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—May I claim a few lines on behalf of that much abused and poorly paid member of our profession, the super? Of course I don't claim for him luxurious dressing-rooms or immunity from stage-managerial profanity; but I do think he is entitled to more pay, and, above all, release from the tax to that most obnoxious character, the super captain. Why is it that the "extra lady" as a rule gets a dollar a performance, while her male companion has to give the same amount of labor, mental and physical for a fourth of that sum? And does it seem right that these poor devils, in many cases people who have seen better days (I had one last week, an English gentleman, a scholar, linguist and pianist), should be doctored a percentage of their miserable pittance to a so-called captain, usually a gasman or janitor in the theatre, and paid as such by the management?

Here in Denver companies are charged fifty cents a man each performance, of which the man gets twenty cents, the "captain" thirty, and where large numbers are used the latter must make a pretty good thing of it. Is this right?

In Boston there are quite a number of volunteers, Harvard students in particular, who go on for the fun of the thing, but are most religiously charged for to the management.

The remedy is simple. Let stage managers of combinations pay their super as each man signing his name, and if a captain or a ballet mistress is needed either to drill or organize let them be paid by the proper parties for such service, not by the poor creatures to whom a nickel often means the price of a meal or night's lodging. Faithfully yours,

STAGE MANAGER.

THE REASON WHY.

NOROTON, Conn., Feb. 2, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—May I ask why you publish among honorable and respectable attractions in your Dutes Ahead department those companies performing stolen plays? It might not injure them pecuniarily to omit them from the list, but it would certainly reduce their status. I mention this because I know of your efforts to suppress piracy and root the pirates.

Truly yours,

C. R. GARDINER.

[Obviously the publications of the advance dates of piratical companies makes known their whereabouts to the interested managers and playowners whose property they appropriate. That is the good and sufficient reason for their appearance in our list.—ED. DRAMATIC MIRROR.]

MR. BEAUREGARD EXPLAINS.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 29, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—In the current number of THE MIRROR your New Orleans correspondent, in a caustic appended to his account of the Prescott and McLean company's engagement in that city, I am referred to as having furnished the "dressing-room for the box-office." While disclaiming any intention to find fault with this announcement of your courteous representation, I would like to state that in assuming charge of the company's business interests I was impelled by a desire to facilitate the business administration of its affairs.

My relations with Mr. McLean being of a very close nature, we consulted only the exigencies of the company's business interests and not my predilection in the premises. I should be loth to believe that I could so easily furnish that which was with me a matter of deliberation and profound devotion for some time past, and although that result may come about, I shall always retain for the boards that attachment and devotion which prompted my first connection with the profession. Very truly yours,

CHARLES T. BEAUREGARD.

SOME CAUSTIC REMARKS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—In reading a brief report of the recent debate between Mr. William Winter and Mr. Boucicault on "The Influence of the Newspaper Press Upon Art," I was considerably amused at the expressed opinions and beliefs of both gentlemen. While cordially agreeing with Mr. Boucicault in his statement that "genius is never affected for incompetence," I should like to ask him whether he himself has not been a party to and a promoter of this very form of injustice?

In all his long career as author, actor and manager how many deserving artists has he assisted to obtain any measure of success? Very, very few.

Mr. Boucicault has never been the actor's friend. To him is due the fact that actors are not now paid for matinees. Mr. Boucicault instituted the system of engaging actors for the run of a piece when, if the play be a failure, the disaster is felt more severely by the actor than by the manager. The player gives two or three weeks of his time for the necessary rehearsals, buys the requisite costumes for his part, and in case of failure of the piece receives, perhaps, but one week's salary.

It is but a few years since that Mr. Boucicault tried to organize a system whereby the members of a stock dramatic company should receive salaries only while appearing in the current play at the theatre to which they might be attached. Under these conditions if a play were greatly successful, running the entire season, the persons not in the cast would find themselves actually without the means of subsistence. To the credit of the New York managers be it said Mr. Boucicault's scheme fell through, as they refused to countenance such an iniquitous proposal.

To come to Mr. Winter and his trite but untruthful observation that the "press is the voice of the people." I should like this amiable gentleman to refresh his memory by a few minutes' retrospect. He may then, perhaps, recall many instances in which plays, actors, and not only these, but literary and artistic works, embracing novels, paintings, etc., after being mercilessly mauled by the press, have yet obtained the lasting and deserved approval of the public.

The freedom and independence of the press are like many other boasted virtues—amenable to the softening influence of good dinners, choice wines, and a superior brand of cigars. Its representatives are but mortal, and what mortal can enjoy the hospitality of a beautiful and diplomatic woman, or an accomplished and genial man, and while still under the exhilarating spell of friendly and plentiful libations, deliberately pen cold-blooded, caustic, though withal deserved, criticism, for the civilized world to digest with its maternal coffee. VERITAS.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

MASSILLON, O., Feb. 2, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—I notice in this week's MIRROR that your Lyon correspondent says that owing to The Streets of New York company not showing up the theatre would remain closed. As The Streets of New York company is not booked in Lyon until very late in the season, and not at the house in question, our correspondent must be in error. As it might create a false impression with local managers I hope you will give this publicity. Yours truly,

JULES S. KUBEL.

Manager Streets of New York company.

MARY FISKE.

A TRIBUTE TO HER MEMORY.

I find it difficult to realize that Mary Fiske is dead—that the wondrous pictures in the gallery of her mind have vanished into eternal oblivion; that the gifted hand that wove those marvelous fabrics of wit and pathos, those splendid blendings and broideries of brain and heart, at this moment lies cold and anorectic, its power gone forever.

I saw this wonderful woman in the plenitude of health and vigor but a few days ago. The joy of living was symbolized in her sparkling eyes, her ruddy cheek, her hearty laugh. Life seemed to have chosen her veins for its favorite channel, her great heart for its fortress, her mouth for its trumpet of triumph, and Death read defiance in her warmth and buoyance. Is it strange that realization of the terrible truth is hard?

And yet before this morning's sun, whose rays now shine in through the window where I sit writing, was two hours old I stood among a little band of faithful, weeping friends in a dim chamber and looked sorrowfully upon the couch of death. Some caged songsters in an adjoining room sang their blitheness, but their trills and carols were not heard by the sleeper whose form lay outstretched before our tear-blinded eyes. A loving hand had strewn roses on the pillow, but she who used to love their perfume knew it not.

The white features, slightly wasted by illness, were peaceful and serene, but the flight of the animating spirit had stripped them of their subtler identity—had wrought that indescribable change which convulses the soul of the survivor with despair and brings us face to face with the unspeakable awfulness of the eternal mystery.

In that moment the reality stood revealed, the fact was plain to me. But now as I sit writing here in the place which has so often resounded with her mirth and echoed to her inimitable sallies of wit, it all sinks again into the vagueness of an unhappy dream, and I struggle to comprehend it.

I think I can safely say that every reader of this paper had come to intimately know and to dearly love the brilliant woman who for many years, under the famous *nom de plume*, "The Giddy Gusher," claimed their respect and admiration. Her odd signature became synonymous with impulsive sympathy, the noblest impulses, the chivalrous championship of the weak and the oppressed.

I need not refer especially to the infinite variety, the amazing fertility of style and resource, which constantly asserted themselves in her work. They were evident in every line she penned and they gave her a distinct rank above and beyond every female journalist in this broad land.

She was thoroughly original, and so she studied men more than books. To this do we owe much that now makes her work unique and memorable. She had a superb contempt for those crutches and slavish devices wherewith less self-reliant and splendidly-equipped writers seek to hobble along the dusty highway of journalism. There was in her character an imperious disregard for conventional methods. Winged with her own genius she flew fearlessly to dizzy heights while patient plodders toiled in the valleys below.

Her practical knowledge ran the whole gamut of mankind. With equal facility and truth she depicted every stratum of life.

Whether it was a play or a prize-fight, a scene in the city's noisome slums or an unsullied page straight from the book of nature; a comic incident behind the scenes or a pathetic one in a churchyard that commanded her attention, she was always graphic, analytical, and adequate.

She numbered among her hundreds of acquaintances all sorts and conditions of men—great and humble, rich and poor, good and evil. Her sympathies were universal. The unfortunate and down-trodden could always claim her pity and her help. She was blind to nothing on earth but the faults of her friends.

Her humor was irresistible.

When shall we ever forget her delicious descriptions of those wonderful childhood experiences? What an endless panorama illustrating the comic side of life unfolds before us as we review her writings! The mishaps of the distracted barnstormer, the escapades of the rural deacon, the monstrous adventures of the amateur yachtsman, the exploits of the agriculturist from the city—these and many more subjects presented themselves to us, reflected from her magical mind, in the funniest conceivable aspects.

And her four-footed pets! Are not those sagacious animals fixed forever in our affectionate regard and recollection? She loved her dumb companions, and they loved her. Through her interpretation of their thoughts and feelings we were given a deeper insight into the quaint analogies existing between our kind and the brute creation.

Her pathos was as sweet and tender as her humor was spontaneous and infectious.

She was able, when she wished, to put more genuine tears into type than any press writer with whose work I am familiar. Her touch

was dexterous, delicate and highly artistic in its power of suggestion. And there are some of her printed articles that bear evidence of a poetical feeling, a wealth of imagery and rhythmic beauty, and a flow of fiery eloquence that forcibly remind us of the mighty thinker, writer and orator who, by her express desire, is to speak the final words over her clay before it is committed to the restful bosom of her mother earth.

Possessed of an intellect of massive and masculine fibre the man did not live whom she hesitated to meet in the literary arena. She did not know what fear meant; her courage and bravery were unsurpassed. She despised subterfuge and cowardly deceit; she was as honest to her foes as to her friends. She was neither to be cowed nor to be bought, but she was always vulnerable to appeal, and as quick to forget as to forgive an injury. To what ends would she not go to serve a friend? She found greatest happiness in giving help and comfort to all that needed it or asked it at her hands.

Her memory was extraordinary, holding a mammoth store of material so well ordered that any of its treasures could be brought forth instantly on bidding.

Her imagination was superb.

It was this that enabled her to put herself in the place of the distressed and the suffering and give them of her inexhaustible sympathy.

Her loyalty was unswerving. Again and again did people try to tempt her from her position on the staff of this paper, as often to be met with repulse. She had a very tender spot in her big heart for *THE MIRROR*, and no proffer could seduce her from its service or the pleasure she found in regularly addressing its readers. For eight years, with few interruptions, she had talked to them in her own way, and she often dwelt upon the great pride she took in the relationship.

The last "Gusher" appeared a fortnight ago. She paid a visit to the office early the following Thursday morning and chatted with me for a long time about a new play she had begun writing, some clever ideas she wished to introduce in her department, and other matters. The next day she fell ill and went to bed. On Tuesday morning she tried to sit up and write her "Gusher," but the effort exhausted her and she was reluctantly compelled to desist. A message came down over the telephone that she would have to miss a week, but she would surely appear as usual in this issue.

On Friday night, hearing that her condition had changed for the worse, I went with the doctor to see her. She lay then in a state of semi-unconsciousness, but she roused out of it for a minute or two, muttered something about "The Gusher" and sank into a torpor again with the words, "I need rest."

She was surrounded to the end by those whose care was most loving, devoted and tender. Dr. Robertson was almost constantly at her bedside, battling bravely against the inevitable with the ardor of a true friend and all the skill at his command.

But it was futile. Neither solicitude nor science could turn the ebbing tide. She passed into the night of the unknown peacefully, unconsciously, painlessly. It was the sort of exit she had often hoped might come.

Although the hand that hastily writes these words trembles, and the eye that sees them is dim with sorrow, there is yet the painful knowledge, that they are feeble and inadequate to the subject and the occasion. I have not only lost a valued contributor, but also a dear friend whose adoption has been tried by years of personal and professional association.

Had I the power of elegiac expression which was hers, I might perhaps be able to pay a tribute to the memory of Mary Fiske which should be worthy of her. Sorrow, sincere and deep, must extenuate my halting words.

Let me quote a beautiful thought—a bow of promise—from one of Ingersoll's funeral orations, which our lost friend often repeated in my hearing, and then, sorrowfully, have done:

"The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges and no shadow rests. We love, we wait, we hope, because over the cradle Nature bends and smiles and lovingly above the dead in benediction holds her outstretched hands."

HARRISON GREY FISKE.

THE ILLNESS AND DEATH.

The shocking news of the death of Mrs. Mary H. Fiske (our Giddy Gusher) on Monday morning has sent a great wave of sorrow over the entire dramatic profession as well as among her hundreds of personal friends. The sad event was utterly unexpected.

Early last week Mrs. Fiske, who had just taken a new apartment on Ninety-third Street, moving down from High Bridge, where she had resided for a long time, complained of a bad cold which she had contracted during a recent visit to Boston. The cold rapidly grew worse. Dr. Robertson was called in, and on Thursday alarming symptoms appeared, which induced him to call Dr. Beverly Robinson and Dr. Watts in consultation. Thereafter until Sunday these physicians

met over the case three times a day. Double pneumonia, that is to say, pneumonia completely affecting both lungs, was the chief source of danger, but it was complicated with other serious ills in the form of acute kidney trouble and gastric fever.

On Thursday night the patient became unconscious. Two trained nurses were called in, and these were supplemented by the ministrations of Mrs. Little, Julia Percy and Mrs. Eldridge (the latter had known Mrs. Fiske intimately for thirty years), and they lavished upon her every possible care and attention. Several times she had periods of consciousness, but these were marked by incoherence of speech and partial inability to recognize the faces about her.

On Sunday night the physicians felt somewhat more hopeful than they had for two days, as certain symptoms appeared which pointed to a favorable passage through the hour of crisis; but at dawn the patient began to fail, and without pain or struggle she peacefully passed away a little after six o'clock.

The relatives were immediately notified, and Mrs. Dunlop, Mrs. Fiske's sister, came on immediately from Hartford, where she had been attending the bedside of her dying mother. As if to make the distressing circumstances even more harrowing, Matt Hewins, the only brother, was also stricken with pneumonia, and the same day word was received by telegraph from Texas that an uncle had died there of the same disease. The mother died yesterday, and will be interred at the same time as the daughter.

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Arrangements were immediately made for the funeral, which takes place to-day in Scottish Rite Hall, corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, at 11 o'clock.

The arrangements, which have been made by Harrison Grey Fiske strictly in accordance with the wishes of Mrs. Fiske, are of the simplest character. Col. R. G. Ingersoll at her desire, has written and will probably deliver the funeral address, although since consenting to officiate at the services he has been summoned to Boston to attend an important law case in the Supreme Court there, which will demand his presence unless a postponement is fortunately effected. In the latter event Col. Ingersoll's written address will be read by Harry Edwards, who was one of Mrs. Fiske's old friends.

The musical features will be furnished by Mr. Williams, the organist, Mme. Julie De Ryther, Signor Perugini and Dockstadter's Quartette. After an appropriate instrumental selection the quartette will sing "The Lost Chord." This will be followed by Colonel Ingersoll's address. Mme. De Ryther will sing, "Rest in the Lord," from the oratorio of Elijah, one of Mrs. Fiske's favorite pieces, and Signor Perugini will sing Schubert's beautiful "Last Greeting."

The pallbearers, of whom there will be eight, include A. M. Palmer, William Winter, Dr. T. S. Robertson, Harrison Grey Fiske, Joseph Wheelock, Frank Sanger, George Waters and E. D. Babcock.

They will meet at ten o'clock at the late residence of the deceased and proceed to the hall. The ushers there will be Louis Harrison, Walden Ramsay, Frederick Paulding, Fred. Solomon, Albert Ellery Berg, H. Q. Brooks and Samuel Stockvis. The staff and employés of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* will attend in a body. There will be present also a large delegation from the Actors' Order of Friendship and representatives of the Actors' Fund of America. In order that friends and members of the profession should not be prevented from securing seats by the curiosity-seekers who always throng to the funerals of celebrities, seats have been reserved, and cards of admission issued to all who have applied for them. Among those who will attend are:

Helen Blythe, Kathryn Kidder, Joseph Howard, B. A. Baker, Charles Gayler, Franklin Fife, E. H. Lowe and wife, Dr. Fleming, Lester S. Gurney, Marie Haynes, Mrs. Mary Wheeler, W. H. Matthews, Carrie Walton, John E. Warner, Col. T. Abbot, Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Merry, Alfred Joel, Minnie Jackson, Mrs. G. W. Floyd, Florence Thropp, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, Helen Ottolengui, Annie Deland, Mr. Falk, Dr. Walter M. Fleming, Amy Gordon, Chas. Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maeder, Edith Mai, Helen Ransome, Maud Granger, Esther Williams, Lillian Chantore, Frank Tannehill, Kate McKinstrey, Dora Goldthwaite, Dr. L. C. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grath, Mrs. J. Kitzell, Mrs. Harry Mann and mother, Dr. T. S. Robertson, Harry Edwards, Dr. Robert Taylor, N. Van Beil, Dr. Stacham, Alice Fisher, Mrs. Burt, Charles W. Butler, Mrs. Sol Smith, Mrs. Frank G. Cotter, The Actors Order of Friendship in a body of forty, Joshua Henry, H. Quintus Brooks, E. G. Booru, Mr. Clark, Silas Jenkins, Barney Stockvis, Alice Butler, Lee Raymond, M. J. Jordan, Sedley Brown, A. C. Wheeler, J. T. Huntley, Tony Pastor, Fred A. Du Bois, Fanny Gillette, Sophie Knight, Mrs. H. B. Lonsdale, Besse Darling, Sidney Chidley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kidder, Richard Downey, Neil Burgess, Francis Reimau, Alfred Ayres, Miss Warren, Mr. Quigg, Joseph Palmer, Billy Birch, Mrs. J. W. Keller, Agnes Shaw, Gus Hennesey, Charles Sturges, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, George A. Beane, Fanny Gilday, Frank Russell, E. H. Sothern, Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, Marie Bingham, Evelyn Baker Harvier, and Joseph H. Tooker.

The body will remain in the city until Thursday morning when, accompanied by a few friends, it will be taken by an early train to Hartford, Conn., for interment in the family burial plot at Cedar Hills Cemetery. The service of the Episcopal Church will be read in the mortuary chapel there by a local clergyman.

Mrs. Fiske's career has been epitomized by the daily press during the past few days, and it is so familiar to all readers of this paper that there is no need to reproduce it in detail. Suffice to say that she began writing at an early age about and for the stage, her taste and affiliations throughout life bringing her in contact and sympathy with the profession. Her first husband was Charles Fox. Several years ago she was married to Stephen Fiske, dramatic editor of the *Spirit of the Times*.

She has written books, plays, stories, sermons and lectures. Her connection with *THE MIRROR* began in 1881 and continued uninterrupted to the time of her death. She contributed variously to its columns, but it was chiefly through her famous "Giddy Gusher" papers that she was known to its readers.

SENTIMENT AND PHILOSOPHY.

GLEANED FROM THE GUSHER.

"If beyond this heartache and headache we call living there is any reward for the dwellers on earth, the crown must rest on that golden head that never conceived an evil thing; the palm must reach that gentle, generous hand that was helpful and open to all."

"There is an instinct in every human heart that there is something beyond. There's not a tribe upon the earth but cherishes a belief that this life leads up to something better, from the Persian with his eternally beautiful hours peopling the Mahomedan heaven, to the woman down East who knew paradise was passed in a rocking chair without even knitting work to do."

"I don't believe much, but I hope a great deal."

"I hold a different opinion of death and our duty to the dead—or I might be found oftener in graveyards than I am."

"It seems to me if I was conscious in my earthly bed of affairs going on overhead, nothing could give me greater pain than the pressure of my sisters' feet on the chill sod above me."

"Through the coffin lid and close pressed mould the dropping of her tears would reach my slumbering sense, and the dumb agony I would feel for her unavailing grief—a grief I could not comfort—would make for me a hell I had not reached before."

"I hold many anniversaries of death, if I cannot escape remembering them, at home. I never want to look upon a picture of my lost ones. There is no panacea for the grave but forgetfulness. It is a blessed provision that we eternally forget its inevitable call upon ourselves, and the only comfort time brings is its power to efface remembrance of its former visits."

ON BEN MAGINLEY: "Oh, Mother Earth! be very good to him, for he had much of you in his nature—so much that breeze-swept billows of meadow-grass will always bring the memory of his face, and the rich, ripe harvests with which you reward the world will always recall the life and friendship of Ben Maginley to 'The Giddy Gusher.'"

"Where has the year gone? How did it go? Of course as one stops to think of all that life and death, nature, art and society has done for us, it seems as if there must have been twelve months of hard work. But, in the bulk, it looks about six to the agile Gusher, who takes no note of time—except as now, to wonder at its passage."

"The Gusher on this Christmas eve, with a reminiscent hand under a retrospective head, thinks of all the kindly, loving words she has heard from the professional people she likes so much during the year just past and smiles. . . . Looks out beyond the majestic arches of the magnificent High Bridge that bends its benignant stone battlements above her windows upon a slender yellow road that, like a sad low finger, points away to a grave in Mount Vernon, where lies the fondest female heart that ceased to beat in all the long year, and bows her head and weeps. But smiling or sighing or crying, she extends both hands to those she loves and those who love her, to those she has loved and to those who never will love her, and says at this season, when good will reigns—May every joy come to you and with you abide."

THE ADOPTED BABY: "At all events here he is, with the dogs sniffing curiously about him, the birds singing as if they liked him, and Chicot, the blessed monkey, as friendly as possible, sharing the tending, dividing the care, and doubling up at night. Baby on one arm, Chicot in the middle—all three happy."

ON THE DEATH OF ELIZA WEATHERSHY: "Painter and fainter came the falling breath and with the early night as peaceful as a baby's sleep, Death stole upon her, releasing as pure a spirit as ever dwelt in a woman's heart."

"How beautiful is Hope!"

"Hope—hope—hope of all kinds and qualities. It's a great thing."

"Mary Fiske has caused me less trouble and afforded me more fun than any woman I ever knew. She sheds sorrow as a duck does rain, and I never saw her face but it broke into a smile, no matter how severe she tried to make it."

ON THE BIRTH OF A BABY: "If there's anything on earth I love it's the dawn of a new day. The long, far stinging noises of the night stop. The ashen gray colors stand. When, low, along the horizon appears a streak of light—rosy, golden, beautiful—each instant it intensifies. Clouds may come; a tempest may close in with the darkness of the night, but the birth of a new day in its sudden glory is a promise of joy, a setting of hope's bow in the heaven of the heart, and over the sweet, soft, helpless head of a new-born child I bow in adoration. Mystery, possibility—the whence, and the where. The waxen calla leaf of a stainless life begun, on which joy or sorrow must begin its history, is to me a wonder—a wondrous wonder."

"There's no doubt Nature knows her business. It's as well to let the dame alone and ask no questions. If we are all here another Xmas tide we shall be glad, and if we are not here I earnestly hope we shall still be glad."

"All these accidents lead one to speculate on the adventures of a man after death, if he leaves directions to have himself cremated."

"Over in the graveyard, with a good headstone, you know where you are for some time. But uncorked in a stone pot of portable construction, it's quite impossible to say what may not occur to you."

"By all means let's have an Ingersollian service when the time comes to plant, amid universal regret, your Giddy Gusher."

THE ACTRESSES' CORNER.

FIRST NIGHT.

If you are scared at all, it's the worse scare you ever had.

The nearer your time comes, the more panic-struck you get, until, when you realize your cue is almost upon you, you have just strength enough to wonder vaguely if the next instant will find you on the stage acting out as your part demands, or on the main street of the town a-making for anywhere that is far off in a mad career of terror and disgrace.

It's really a toss-up which happens.

I won't pretend that anything but idiocy or the brazen courage of incompetency can produce serenity of mind on a first night, especially the first of all first nights—the night when you begin your career, when the die is cast (black, very likely), when the plunge is made, when you feel that actually you have at last gone and done it.

Let us hope you have had sufficient rehearsal; let us hope your dresses were all in your hands the day before the first night.

You have been working hard. Try to have accomplished enough to permit you to put the part entirely out of your head the last day. Early in the afternoon go down to the theatre, get out all your dresses, arrange them in the order in which you will use them. Have all the accessories of each dress with the dress. Just remember that you must not leave anything to be attended to by your intelligence in the evening. You are not likely to have any.

Spread a clean towel on the shelf, arrange your make-up. You, of course, have a vast amount of make-up—at least have the various sticks in order. Remember red and blue will look very much alike to you when you come to make up. Leave rouge and powder and all uncovered, ready for use. Put the theatre out of your mind—not by fiercely fighting it, but by going around in a slow, languid fashion and talking slowly and breathing slowly and thinking to yourself that you are sleepy and bored. Cant? Nonsense! You are going to be an actress, are you not? Start in and play a part right now. If you play it well enough you will feel it. You have not been coward at any work that meant a straining of nerve and strength. You have done everything you could to insure the night's success.

Now the last and a most important thing remains. Nerves and muscles must be relaxed. Read a sermon if necessary, and put your mind to it as if it were the only thing in the world. You are tired; while your poor head can go to any strain in the one direction in which your nerves help it, it wears quickly at this new effort, and the thing is done.

Rest, sleep, get up and about 5 o'clock eat lightly. Get to the theatre a good hour before you are to go on. If you are on first in third or fourth act not an hour before the play begins or you will have an hour or so after you are dressed to wait—an hour in which it will occur to you with great force that it would be a simple, easy and beautiful thing to put your cloak on over your tugs, your veil over your point, and creep out and go away and never be heard of again.

Rest and persistent quiet has given you a grip on your nerves. Keep it.

Believe me, breathing regularly will help you to control your nervousness; indeed, it will almost control it for you. When you catch yourself gasping, just stop it. Quietly pull four or five long even breaths. Presence of mind is usually presence of breath. Regular breathing makes the blood run slower and your head is bound to clear.

Suppress quick movements; keep your voice low and quiet. The boys roll a snowball in the snow to make it big—just you let your nervousness roll through all its symptoms and it will grow apace like the snowball to a mountain that overcomes you, which makes, of course, a very cold day for you.

The sense that everything is in readiness for you will ease you as you enter the dressing-room. The sight of the order reigning will be soothing; the knowledge that you have plenty of time to get ready in, will pour peace into your heart.

Put on shoes and stockings first, you are so likely to forget all about them otherwise. It's enough to queer an old actress to behold street shoes peeping daintily from below her ball dress. Heaven knows what it would do to you! If the slippers are too tight to stand comfortably in, tuck your feet into a pair of large, soft slippers—so large that you could not possibly forget and wear them on the stage.

Get dressed—all but the dress, and then make up. You have, of course, practiced your wig (if you wear one) and make-up together, so you can leave the wig till the very last. Not till your dress is buttoned up though, you know.

After the wig is on you may need a little more powder or a little more rouge. Don't forget a last look in the glass. Shake up hands and arms the last thing, else your whitened and rouged fingers will mess your

dress as you fasten it; besides, one's hands soil so quickly.

With all the time you have allowed yourself you have ten minutes over anyhow. Be sure you are all ready—that handkerchief, fan, shawl, flowers—whatever you carry, is at hand, or even in hand. Then wrap a shawl about your bare shoulders, turn down the gas, open the window the least in the world (if you are lucky enough to have one), and sit quietly down out of the draught.

Your head is throbbing dreadfully, but the dark and cool air will help you.

Go over your lines for your first scene—quietly, quietly, quietly. Just for the words. Forget that you are going to act them. Remember them and later, when you actually wait for your cue, that physical calm induces mental calm. Nervous movement and quick breathing would rush you into excitement even if there were no other reason. Enforced physical calm and regular breathing will quiet your nervousness now, though there is occasion for it. I know I have said this two or three times, but I want you to believe and try it.

Don't fret about being late for your act—stick to your quiet, darkened room. Simply be on the alert to catch the call which should come, either "All down for the first act," or "Overture on."

When you do hear it your heart throbs wildly. You have a sudden sense that you are in for it now. Well, you are. There's comfort to be gotten out of even that thought, beside you have time to sit quiet a moment till the faintness or illness that has come over you passes. Fight it physically or it will master you mentally.

As soon as you are quiet, make your way to the stage. Make sure of your entrance and wait for your time. When the curtain is up and the play has begun, you will feel as if at least you are one of a great moving throng that will probably move over your dead body, but which anyhow is going right on moving. Besides, you are sure to get through somehow—people always do—and anyhow you have got to go on. Those two thoughts at this moment sometimes inspire one with a heroic despair or a reckless courage that saves one.

I don't dare follow you on the stage. If I did, I would only say try not to think at all. You have rehearsed. Just do over again as nearly as you can what you have done at rehearsal.

The important thing after all is only that you should get on and off and not do anything dreadful meantime. Of course I am speaking to the foolish kids who start as I did—in a little part that didn't make much difference to anyone but me. If you have any genius or talent it may crop out and do something for you that first night, but if it is going to, it will do so of its own accord. Just you make up your mind to attend to your business and be grateful if you escape catastrophe instead of expecting great things of yourself that first night.

You can always hope and work for better things. There is no law against hoping or working.

If talent did not bob up that first night it's bound to bob up later if it's there.

Criticism has a right to regard our effort as positive.

Vanity, conceit and ignorance will run us into the stagnation of the superlative, but hope keeps us always in the comparative.

From this standpoint we can look at even the worst failure on a first night and think: "Well, I'm here anyhow—and alive—that's something." So it is. POLLY.

A PROGRESSIVE PRIMA DONNA.

A clever, beautiful and rapidly rising young prima donna is Helen Lamont, who is now at once the artistic and proprietary head and front of the Stetson Opera company. Miss Lamont, who is well known in Boston, Washington and other important cities, is not yet familiar by name to New Yorkers, although THE DRAMATIC MIRROR can safely predict that she will become popular here some day not far distant.

She is a native of Washington, where for several years previous to going on the stage she was the soprano soloist in the principal churches. Her social position, beauty and rare vocal ability made her the centre of some notable amateur musical productions which attracted considerable attention. Mr. Sousa, the composer and leader of the Marine Band, urged her to go into comic opera but she held back until Colonel McCaull made her an offer to appear in Princess Ida. In this opera she took Miss Ulmer's place during the latter's illness for several weeks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The change was not noted in the bills, and the fact that it escaped notice by the public and press was really a tribute to the lady's powers.

Miss Lamont afterward sang successfully at Boston in Ruddigore and the Mikado, filling the leading roles and meeting with critical and public favor. At the beginning of this season she began a tour on her own account as prima donna of the Stetson Opera company, with Nat Roth to look after the busi-

ness. Throughout New England and elsewhere the party has given The Yeomen of the Guard to excellent business and Miss Lamont is eminently satisfied with the results of the venture. She so expressed herself to a representative of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR while in the city the other day.

"Mr. Rudolph Aronson went to Worcester to see our performance," said she, "and he spoke of it in terms that were decidedly flattering. In some respects he said we excelled the representation at the Casino. At any rate Mr. Aronson consented to entrust me with certain privileges which are destined, I imagine, to bring our organization speedily and permanently into public notice.

"In the first place he has given me the use of his name as a trademark. The troupe will be known as Aronson's Opera Company. He has also contracted to furnish me with all the Casino successes for performance on the road. We now have The Yeomen and Erminie, Nadji will shortly be added to the repertoire, and afterward each piece produced here will be placed directly at our disposal. I am now looking for material wherewith to strengthen the company. I expect to have a celebrated tenor who has not been heard here in English yet, and a comedian who will satisfactorily fill the parts originated by Messrs. Wilson, Solomon and Powers."

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

H. S. HUSTED has perfected arrangements with the estate of the late Lester Wallack by which he has secured the rights to Rosedale for this and next season. He will put the piece on the road on March 18, opening at the new Standard Theatre in Philadelphia. George C. Boniface has been engaged for Elliot Gray. He will be supported by a strong company. Among the people engaged are H. G. Clark, Marion Lester, Marcus Moriarty, E. L. Walton and Adele Palmer. Scenery will be gotten up by the scene painters of the Philadelphia theatre, and the old Wallack costumes will be used.

LESTER VICTOR has been engaged by Charles Frohman for the traveling Sweet Lavender company.

FANNY DENHAM ROUSE is reported to have scored a success throughout the country as Nancy Dunks in A Legal Wreck. Her notices are especially commendatory.

HEERMANS had crowded houses in Baltimore last week, while in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, which cities he played prior to that engagement, standing room was the rule every night. His new feature, Cremation, will, he believes prove a veritable bonanza.

THE Summer tour of Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels has been completely arranged. Under Al. Hayman's management they will play for fifteen weeks, their tour beginning at Kansas City and extending through California, Virginia, Nevada, Utah and Colorado. At many points they are to receive large audiences. The company will number sixty people, and it will be their first visit on the coast as an organization.

THE Howard Athenaeum company will appear for five weeks at the Standard Theatre, commencing in April. J. C. Duff has signed contracts with Rich and Harris by which special features will be brought from England for this engagement only, and Mr. Cooney, the business manager of the organization, will sail for the other side next week to bring over the attractions.

THE season of Booth and Barrett will close about July 1.

JOHN K. MURRAY and Clara Lane, of the Criterion Opera company, were married in San Francisco recently.

J. K. EMERY has decided to call his new play Uncle Joe instead of Fritz in a Madhouse.

WILLIAM HARCOURT has taken the part of Col. Prescott in Hehl by the Enemy in place of James E. Wilson, resigned.

A PROFESSIONAL matinee of La Mascotte, with Sadie Martinot, as Bettina, will be given at the Amberg Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon.

It is stated that Lester Wallack's play of The Veteran will shortly be given a spectacular revival, with ballets, special scenery, new costumes and all the necessary features for a grand production.

JAMES L. EDWARDS, John H. Bunney, Helen Ottolengui, Kate Blanche, Mrs. W. G. Jones and Redfield Clarke, leading members of the Romany Rye company, left that organization on Saturday night. They claim that they are to be laid off for two weeks and a half without salary, after having lost a week and a half out of the season.

RICHARD KOENIG left this city on Thursday last for Chicago to act as manager in advance of August Junkermann, the celebrated German comedian, who begins his tour, under the management of Gustave Amberg and supported by the Amberg Dramatic company, in that city on Sunday next. The Grand Opera House has been selected as the theatre in which Herr Junkermann will appear, while Uncle Brassig will be the opening play. Several other large Western cities will be visited.

E. E. RICE left this city on Friday last for New Orleans to join Henry E. Dixey.

At a meeting of the Paradise Fin and Feather Club, held on Saturday last, Judge Gildersleeve, Harry Miner and J. T. Davis were appointed a building committee to arrange for the erection of a commodious club house on the island in the St. Lawrence River owned by the club.

WILLIE EDOUIN is reported to have written a burlesque on Irving's Macbeth.

THE fourteenth anniversary of Col. Sian's management of the Brooklyn Park Theatre eventuated last Friday evening, and was appropriately celebrated.

J. K. TILLOTSON reports the appearance of "The Rileys," headed by Esther Lyons at Pera, Ind., in his play, Lynwood, on Monday night of last week. They are pirates.

The statement that J. A. Reel had left the Kindergarten company is denied by that lively business manager.

It is said that a project has been started by a number of ladies in this city to erect a statue to Charlotte Cushman.

The annual concert in aid of the charity fund of the Press Club of this city, which was held at the Broadway Theatre on last Sunday night, netted over \$2,000.

THE Crystal Slipper finished a four weeks' engagement at the Chicago Opera House on last Saturday night. The receipts were \$42,000 during that time. The company went to St. Louis.

It is said that before Brantingham Hall was produced W. S. Gilbert sold its American rights to D'Oyley Carte for \$4,500. This amount was cash down. As soon, however, as Mr. Gilbert ascertained that the piece was a failure he refunded every dollar of the money to Mr. Carte. If this is true it is a notable exemplification of the golden rule.

EBEN PLYMPTON opens his season in The Mountebank in Albany to-morrow (Thursday) evening.

MANAGER F. F. PROCTOR is not sighing to own more theatres. He was asked recently why he did not establish one in a certain prosperous New England city which had no eligible theatre, when he replied: "I have all the theatres that I can attend to at present, and I do not know even of any extraordinary offer that would make me accept the care of another one."

CHARLES L. RITZMANN, the Broadway dealer in photographs of celebrities, is always adding novelties to his enormous and attractive collection. The latest are striking pictures of Mrs. Potter as Cleopatra and Mrs. Langtry as Lady Macbeth.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM, editor of the Charleston, S. C., World, and a well-known Southern litterateur, has written a dialect poem, "De Jingle ob de Bells on de Cows," which will shortly appear in the Century. Mr. Oldham is shortly to publish a volume of negro sketches and verses.

EDITH STANMORE writes that the Clipper's statement last week that "the Edith Stanmore company became financially embarrassed in Lebanon, Pa., and friends helped them out," is utterly false. "In the first place," says the lady, "there is no Edith Stanmore company. I am only engaged on a salary by W. C. Hastings as 'star' of his company. I have nothing to do with paying the expenses. Hastings' departure at Lebanon left some of the members of the party without funds. Miss Stanmore voluntarily helped them out and took them to Carlisle, the next town, where they played on their own account to a nightly increase of business.

THE views of the Little Church Around the Corner that appeared in the last number of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR were engraved from photographs taken by Rockwood. Through the inadvertent omission of an explanatory paragraph it was not stated that the pictures were published by the kind permission of Mr. M. H. Mallory, of the Churchman.

HILDA THOMAS has been engaged for Hallen and Hart's Later On company.

JAMES H. BROADWAY, the oldest theatrical billposter in Chicago, died recently in that city aged fifty-three. He was known all over the country.

A NUMBER of prominent citizens of Boston notified Manager R. M. Fields of the Boston Museum of their desire to tender him a public testimonial, to take place on the occasion of the quarter centennial anniversary of his assumption of the management of that house. In replying to this communication Manager Fields stated that arrangements had been made to observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first presentation in Boston of Lester Wallack's Rosedale on March 1, and that it would gratify him if that occasion were made a memorable testimonial to Mr. Wallack. This is a magnanimous tribute to Lester Wallack from Manager Fields. Rosedale was dramatized from a story in Blackwood's Magazine and had its first production in New York.

NEGOTIATIONS are said to be pending for an extension of the engagement of The Pearl of Pekin at the Standard Theatre caused by the successful run of that opera at that house. It is probable that when it is taken off at the Standard it will go to the Star.

GEORGE RIDDLE, the well-known elocutionist, will give a special matinee of The Tempest at the Lyceum Theatre on Friday, appearing as Caliban in the first two acts. He will be supported by a first-class company, specially engaged. At the conclusion of that performance W. J. Lemoyne will play Wormwood, in The Lottery Ticket, by Buckstone.

THE Grass Widow company closed its season on Saturday night at Lynn, Mass.

A NOTABLE gathering of financially solid theatrical managers was grouped in Randall's Theatrical Agency the other day. It comprised Charles A. Spalding, of St. Louis, who is a millionaire; Isaac B. Rich, of Boston; Thomas F. Kelly, of Philadelphia; W. W. Rapley, of Washington; Harry Miner, of this city, and G. B. Bunnell, of New Haven, Conn. The aggregate wealth of these gentlemen is probably more than the capital used in the entire theatrical profession in this country fifteen years ago.

PERCY HUNTINGTON has returned to the city after a fairly successful season of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in Canada. Of his support Jessie Stuart and Gilmore Scott are reported to have made special hits.

LEOPOLD JORDAN, W. W. Tillotson's business manager is in the city, busy making preparations for the production of the successful farce comedy, Zig-Zag, which will be seen again in this city at the Bijou Theatre on the 18th inst. He reports business as very large all over the country.

HOWARD'S TALK.

ARE ACTORS A PRIVILEGED CLASS? SOME OF THEIR EXCELLENT PECULIARITIES, WHICH ARE UNFORTUNATELY LACKING AMONG THE JOURNALISTIC CLAN. THE PROVERBIAL CHARITY AND GOOD WILL OF THE PEOPLE OF THE STAGE.

A writer in the New York Press of Sunday last asks whether actors should be a privileged class.

It seems to me that the answer depends entirely upon the construction to be put upon the question. In other countries the nobility are, in certain lines, a privileged class. They are exempt from duties, they are entitled to sundry rights under the law. This style of privilege is a relic from barbarous times, and is probably not in the line of thought suggested by the writer in the Press. If it means that the public owe so much to the dramatic and lyric professions that it can afford to overlook idiosyncrasies, to excuse follies, to obey judgments and criticisms of individual conduct, I think the answer should be in the affirmative.

Actors of the olden time were an unquestionably peculiar people.

To a certain extent the same is true to-day. The boundaries of the profession are so enlarged, and so many people are classed as actors, who under strict ruling are nothing of the sort, that the very large majority are, in mode of life, in habit of speech, in costume, like their fellows. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that when a young man or young woman, brought up in ordinary realms of life, strike out a path so difficult, so embarrassing, as that of the stage in any of its lines, that he or she must have an original and therefore a peculiar mind. With very few exceptions members of the profession are of that stamp. Here and there we find children of actors on the stage. To them it is nothing new. Edwin Booth, for instance, heard nothing but stage talk in all his early life, and the most natural thing in the world for him and for his brothers, whether fitted for the stage or not, was to embrace that life. If Booth had children undoubtedly they would follow in his footsteps.

The children of Mr. Barrett, on the other hand, have been educated to feel very differently toward the stage and its people.

You remember at the recent wedding of an Anderson boy with Miss Barrett it was wired, from one end of the country to the other, that "no actors were present." With very few exceptions, as I say, and they the children of actors who think nothing about going on the stage, it being to them their daily talk and walk and thought, the first impulse, the first suggestion of such a life indicates an original and therefore a peculiar mind. Following that come the tugs of war. The perseverance, the industry, the tireless study, the physical courage needed to face the very elements themselves, how much all this means, which is to the ordinary mind a blank! I was very much struck by a remark made by Mrs. Potter in which she said she had "no time for society." She retained her friends, but her friends were not the people she had been in the habit of meeting in daily intercourse. What is conspicuously true in her case, she having been literally obliged to turn her back upon a wide realm of social enjoyments, as well as existence, is, in less degree, true of every person upon the stage. I noticed that Agnes Booth-Schoeffel in a talk the other day indicated her preference for the regard of the workers in her profession over the esteem of people distinguished in society's round. The fact is, however, that Mrs. Potter puts the matter clearly and distinctly when she says she has no time for society. It would be absurd to speak of Mrs. Potter's experience and that of Mrs. Booth in the same sentence. Mrs. Potter was all her life a society belle. Mrs. Booth all her life an actress, but the two minds come together, regardless of the diversity in their experiences, and stand on the common-sense ground of indifference to the senseless flummery of frivolous people.

Instances are easily cited. Instances of oddity, of habit, of peculiarity in dress which would show a tendency in actors to queerness, but instances alone are not what are needed. The point is, is the profession at large in any sense peculiar, outside of this one fundamental peculiarity and original turn of mind, which leads young men and young women to step aside from the beaten pathway of life, from the highway of endeavor, into this tortuous, not to say torturing path, which now and then leads to fame and fortune, but in a vast majority of cases leads to disappointment, to penury, to heartache.

Well, I think I can find it there.

I think I can indicate peculiarities significant in the profession which are not found elsewhere. In the first place they are the most charitable of all organizations. They show their good will toward man in three distinct ways. In the first place they ignore and put aside the feeling of resentment they might naturally entertain against their fellows

who affect to look upon them with contempt and disapproval. It would be folly, when we are talking among ourselves, to ignore the fact that, while here and there actors are treated courteously and kindly and on equal terms in what is regarded as society, as an entire profession such is not the case. Now like breeds like. We love those who love us. We hate those who hate us.

Apparently actors do nothing of the kind.

They love people who love them, doubtless, but they don't hate those who spitefully use them. Certain lines of newspaper men are everlastingly pitching into the profession, into its efforts, into its individuals, yet experience shows beyond possibility of dispute that actors bury dead newspaper men, actors provide hospital accommodation for sick and infirm writers, actors raise funds for newspaper clubs to utilize in charity. When did ever a newspaper, or a set of newspapers, do aught for actors? You may reply, "They write about their plays." That's their business. A writer who says to you, "I will treat of your play and your performance provided you will pay me," does two things. He manifests disloyalty to the paper which already pays him for the work, and second, he prostitutes his profession by leading you to infer that he will write favorably of you or your play, he receiving a pecuniary compensation therefore. This feeling of kindness, of good will to man, of courtesy to all, manifested in the generous indulgence in by members of the profession is a striking peculiarity. In the second place they do good among themselves as individuals. I know many cases of individual actors contributing to the help and support and attendance of old comrades. I ran accidentally across the fact the other day that Mrs. Veamans, the best character comedian on the stage to-day, contributes weekly to the support of an aged friend, and this will be the first hint that anybody outside of a very limited professional circle ever received of that fact. I know case after case where young people and old people, members of the dramatic profession, have taken from their weekly salary a set sum, handing it over to cases in the hospital, in the asylum and in the dark dreariness of sick chambers. That they are peculiarly generous people is also shown by their support of the Actors' Fund. I have very little faith in individual charities, which spring, nineteen times in twenty, out of one's personal feeling, and experience shows us that organized charity is heartless in its mechanism. A man meets you on the street and asks you for the loan of five dollars. If you're feeling pretty well you let him have it. Another day a man may meet you on the street and beg piteously and honestly for a dime. If you're cross and out of sorts it is dollars to cents he doesn't get his dime.

Obviously, the poor cannot depend upon that sort of help.

But third, they manifest themselves as a peculiar people along this line in the kindness of their generosity to the peoples of the earth. It is fair to assume that a man who is fit to be a writer on the daily press, in any capacity whatever, ought to have some mode of entertaining or instructing his fellow man. At a rough guess there are five hundred publications in the City of New York, daily, weekly, monthly, annual, with employes running from four or five up to three or four hundred. Among the men who work upon these various periodicals are teachers, critics, specialists, yet among them all there has never yet been developed a sufficient amount of talent to draw an audience together for the benefit of their own Press Club. If I may be permitted to be personal a moment, I will refer to what will probably be thrown in my face as an argument to the contrary, the lecture I gave in Wallack's Theatre, now Palmer's, for the benefit of the Press Club burial fund.

That was an exceptional occasion.

In the first place, there had been given to the club a very eligible, desirable plot in a neighboring cemetery. There were quite a number of newspaper dead, who, friendly and alone, had departed, whose bodies deserved honorable attention. Among them were two or three who merited much more than they received of this world's goods. There was a general feeling among the friends of newspaper men that something should be done, and having been asked to deliver a lecture on "Journalism," something which I had never done before, I consented with alacrity and with reluctance. I consented with alacrity, because I was ashamed to find that everything that had ever been done for newspaper men in this city had been done by politicians, who were virtually coerced, though not literally, and by actors. I consented with reluctance, because I had never addressed an audience and was not confident of success. The fact that that lecture was sustained to the extent of thirty-nine hundred dollars by all grades of the community, very few politicians, thank heavens, participating, was then, and is now, to my mind, an indication of a feeling in the community that it was about time for newspaper men to help themselves, and not be handing the hat around to Tom

Dick and Harry, that funds might be provided for charity to newspaper men.

For once the newspaper editors and proprietors chipped in.

Mr. Bennett, Mr. Pulitzer, Mr. Jones, Mr. Reid, Mr. Dana, Mr. George W. Childs, Col. Charles H. Taylor, of the Boston Globe, and a score of others whose names don't occur to me at the moment, evidently felt and said, "Here is an occasion where newspaper men are going to help themselves, and we as newspaper men will do the same." Now show me another instance, if you can, where newspaper men have helped themselves. Where doctors, or the reverend clergy, or any craftsmen whatever have come to the front for themselves.

What then?

Why it is invariably the actors of the dramatic or the lyric stage. On Sunday night an admirable concert was given for the benefit of the Press Club fund. Who bought the tickets? Judge Hilton tells me that our friend Col. Ochiltree asked him to take some tickets and he did so. I see by the record that "wealth, wit and beauty in heroic proportions composed the audience," and on looking through the list of distinguished people present I find that the contributions were made by Mayor Grant, Edward S. Stokes, J. M. Seymour, Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry, W. M. Fless, Senator Jones, Myron Bangs, Jordan L. Mott, Gen. McMahon, Townsend Percy, Mart Hanley, Tony Pastor, Judge Martine, Commissioners Andrews, Hess and Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, John Drew, Miss Mabel Jordan, Miss Agnes Elliott, Walter J. Price, Jack Hamilton, Miss Evesson, Managers French and Sanger, Miss Sadie Kirby, James T. Powers, Richard M. Walters, Coroners Mesmer and Schultz, Judge Bedford, while "Aunt" Louisa Eldridge, with the young ladies Gerrish, Martinot, Urquhart and Forsythe, sold flowers in the presence of Commissioner Brennan." Now, those were the financial contributors. You don't find the name of a single editor, not one proprietor, not one man of note in the journalistic profession with the exception of the president of the Press Club, but politicians and actors, the latter largely in the majority.

And the entertainment?

Well, was that by journalists?

Oh, no; it was an admirably arranged programme, given most acceptably by distinguished artists, and the result was the very handsome return of nearly three thousand dollars, raised by these actors, for what? For the Actors' Fund, for the Forrest Home? Oh, no; for the charity fund of the Press Club! And as they have done for the Press Club, and as they do many times a year for the Actors' Fund, so they do every year for the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, for churches innumerable, for the Fire Department, for the Police Department, for every plague-stricken city, making themselves brothers and sisters of charity the world around and thus indicating the third phase of their peculiar goodness of heart—generosity of disposition.

Actors are peculiar in other ways.

"They are clannish," and I don't censure them for that. A man who acts as Lawrence Barrett is reputed to, holding himself aloof, trotting his little strut through life on narrow pathways, is not a type of the actor. Edwin Booth, before dyspepsia dominated him, was inclined to work on much broader lines. His brother, Wilkes Booth, who had genius in every hair, and would have reached pinnacles of fame in comparison to which Edwin's reputation is as the doorway to the Cathedral, was a much better type, clear-headed, open-eyed, free-handed, generous-natured, packed with ideas of comradeship; but men who are compelled to work and live as actors work and live, have no time for the ordinary intercourses and civilities of life. They attend necessarily to their own business, and are at work in hours when the world recreates in play and sport. They are peculiar in this also, that bright and intelligent and quick-witted as they may be, all their public exploiture is hedged and confined and confined, you might say, by the whims, the caprice, the very language of others. In the first place the author gives them their lines—interpolations are not permitted additions would be frowned upon. In the next place originality of conception is not tolerated by the stage manager or manager. "Play that part so and so and throw it up." When you throw up your part you throw up your bread and butter very often, so for the sake of others you accept the inevitable. You know very well that if you were permitted to do thus and so you would make a hit.

The manager doesn't wish you to make a hit.

I know two theatres in this city where lines have been taken deliberately from one actor who made a hit, and transferred to the part of another actor, that the hit might be made by number two instead of number one. You find yourself subordinated to the leading man or the leading woman. You find yourself suddenly transferred from the lead to subordination. You hear that a play is to be

brought out and that you are cast for such a character. Knowing the character very well, you absolutely hug yourself with joy, until you find at rehearsal that the piece has been adapted not to you but to the leading woman, that your part is thrown into the fire of dismissal and you become a feeder. When you go before the public as a feeder you have no opportunity to show what is in you. A preacher owns his pulpit for the time, a lecturer is master of his platform, a speaker sways his audience at his own sweet will, but an actor is compelled to walk between two adamant walls—the author's words, the manager's directions. So in that sense an actor is peculiar.

Then, too, he leads a double life.

A man gentle, genial, courteous, affable, thoughtful, considerate, is cast invariably to play a line of villainy. How does he get hold of it? In what way can he conceive the character? How outwork it to the satisfaction of himself and the audience? He necessarily somersaults himself. He turns himself inside out. He antagonizes his own disposition. On the other hand a man of the world, toughened and hardened by a long career of self indulgence, is cast to play a forgiving husband, a tender and solicitous father. Seated in a well appointed study, the curtains drawn, the evening lamps lighted, huge logs blazing in the ample fireplace, he listens to the story of his daughter's love, as she pats his cheek, he caressing her golden curls. Ten minutes before he was in the adjacent bar-room drinking gin and seltzer. A half hour later he will be smoking a regalia, and arranging for a French ball orgie, when the curtain falls.

How does he do it?

Oh, it is a strange, wierd, incomprehensible existence. No man without a peculiar twist can be a successful actor. No woman without a unique development in head, with will and strength of purpose, can be an actress. Group then these insufficiencies by way of illustration. Recognize the fact, you who are actors, that the profession are a peculiar people, and you who are not detect as quickly as you should that as the peculiarities of the profession are along upper lines, humanitarian, fraternal, helpful, commendable, while they tread a pathway strewn with thorns, being thus peculiar, and in such strange odd ways, they deserve to be called, and to be regarded as a privileged people as well, in this that they are not to be judged as others, they are not to be criticised as others, they are not to be scandalized as others, and least of all should they be spitted by the free lances of the press.

POINTS.

Poor Mary Fiske! Hail and farewell.

Mart Hanley says the gossip about the Harrigan company is bosh.

Monday's opera ended at 11:45 p. m.

A fat woman in a left hand box near the Metropolitan stage annoyed the audience greatly.

Robert P. Porter, Judge Arkell, Henry L. Stoddard, Artist Gillam and Hart Lyman occupied Whitelaw Reid's box. Howard.

MR. MINER CHECKMATED.

Rather an amusing story is told of the way in which Henry C. Miner and E. G. Gilmore were recently pitted against each other in the negotiations by which Paul Kauvar played a week at Niblo's. Before the engagement at that house, the play was billed for a week at the Grand Opera House, the terms being a certain per cent. and the first \$500.

When the time came to sign the contract, Mr. Miner visited Mr. French at his office in West Twenty-third Street, and stated that the exact terms were not stipulated in the contract.

"You see," he said, apologetically, "I'd rather pay you over the \$500 in bond. I haven't the money bonds, but I'll write you out a check."

Mr. French was nothing loth, the check was handed over, and the contract signed. Then Mr. Miner visited Mr. Gilmore's office at Niblo's. When the question of terms arose Mr. Miner pulled out the contract signed by the Grand Opera House manager.

"Are these the terms?" asked Mr. Gilmore.

"Yes, sir. The same as the Grand Opera House. I'll drop over with your contract in a day or two."

A few days after this conversation took place Mr. Gilmore visited Mr. French and the conversation after awhile turned on the Paul Kauvar contract. Naturally the \$500 cheque was not left out of the discussion.

When the time came around for the signing of the contract for the production at Niblo's Mr. Miner called at that theatre with the contract filled out ready for Mr. Gilmore to sign.

Mr. Gilmore read the paper over carefully. No first money was mentioned. With the genial smile for which he is noted, Mr. Gilmore looked up at Mr. Miner and remarked:

"Yes, this is all right, but where's my cheque?"

Klaw and Erlanger are booking the tour of Newton Beers' grand spectacular production of Enoch Arden.

LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

LONDON, Jan. 24, 1889.

Still Waters Run Deep was revived at the Criterion on Saturday. The character of John Mildmay is not much in C. Wyndham's line, but two years ago he attempted it at a charity matinee with some success. Since then Wyndham has suffered severely from swelled head, mainly induced by the way in which the Germans received his Davy Garrick—which was, to my thinking, about as dreary and depressing a performance as I ever witnessed. I don't know whether this head-swelling is responsible for Mr. Mildmay's present deterioration, but that he has deteriorated vastly is beyond doubt. He is now, for the most part, a moody, lachrymose, mean-spirited creature, full of super-subtlety and suppressed emotion. If Wyndham cannot give us anything better than this he had better go back to his rattling touch-and-go patter business, and forbear further to imitate the Lowther Arcade doll which "pined for higher society." Mrs. Bernard Beere, newly returned from Monte Carlo, where (if rumor may be believed) she won over \$10,000 at the tables, played Mrs. Sternhold with much dash and with a success of magnificent millinery. Judging from appearances she had put no inconsiderable portion of her winnings "on her back," as the saying is, and the result was charming, though (it must be confessed) scarcely what the author intended. Evidently she had—as our street-boys phrase it—"Got 'em all on." Indeed, both in appearance and in manner, the lady more nearly resembled a representative of *la haute cocotterie* than the member of an English middle-class household. For the Hawksley, Herbert Standing was turned on. This actor is always nervous on first nights, and on Saturday he was unusually so, and therefore, perhaps, didn't do himself justice. Miss Mary Moore was cast for Mrs. Mildmay, and assuming that the author meant that lady to be a pretty, inoffensive nonentity, was natural, and made her such. It may be judged from what I have already said that I am not favorably impressed with the present revival. Well, I'm not, and that's a fact. Nor do I like the way in which certain newspaper men, in their efforts to find an excuse for the actor's flat, stale and unprofitable rendering, fall foul of the author and denounce his work as "timeworn," "played out" and "ill-constructed."

There was a full house on Saturday, but there were too many of the common or garden brilliant and fashionables present for there to have been over-much money in it. Royalty was, however, represented by the Nitrate King (who is just now the veritable minion of fortune and worm of the hour), and Serenity was represented by the Tocks, who came *en famille*, and beamed benevolently the balance of the time.

For novelties we have this week had up to now the production of Mrs. Oscar Berringer's drama, *Tares*, at the Opera Comique; the matinee-trial at the Avenue of *The Begum's Diamonds*, a new three-act comedy-drama by T. P. Hurst, and the ditto at Terry's of a new three-act comedy called *April Showers*, which is announced as "by the authors of *Flirtation*," whose other names are *Romeo and Bellamy*. To begin at the beginning, *Tares*, which went into the evening bill at the Op. Com., on Monday, was tried at a Prince of Wales' matinee about a year ago, and was at the time duly described by me to Misaon readers. It was then a strong, clever, ambitious play, overdone with dialogue and hampered with a somewhat clumsy ending. Mrs. Berringer has now cut down the talk and rearranged her catastrophe, with to some extent satisfactory results. Though the play is greatly shortened many of the speeches are still too long, for the cutting seems mainly to have been directed at the humorous episodes which were already few enough. The other changes Mrs. B. has made are also improvements, and *Tares* as it stands is a good, sound, honest piece of work which deserves to succeed. Briefly the story is of Margaret, a clergyman's daughter, who adopted a foundling baby mysteriously left at the door of the rectory. This baby is, when the play begins, a seven-year-old boy by the name of Jack. Margaret loves him better than life despite the trouble he causes her. For you must know that the mystery attaching to Jack's origin parts Margaret and her lover Nigel, and causes all sorts of injurious reports to be circulated concerning her. But Meg bravely bears all in silence, for she knows—which Nigel does not—that Jack is Nigel's child by the wicked governess, Rachel, who fled one day no one knew whither, and who is now supposed to be dead. Meg's life is so bound up in Jack that by-and-by when the wicked Rachel turns up very much alive and out of pure cunning demands her child, poor Meg would make any sacrifice to keep the boy—even would she falsely proclaim him for her own. Happily this sacrifice is not needed, for at the last moment the adventurous talents and departs forever, the curtain

falling upon the prospective union of Margaret and Nigel.

At the Prince of Wales' matinee little Vera Beringer played Jack and played him well. Vera (of an afternoon) is now the Real Little Lord Fauntleroy at the Opera Comique. Little Gracie Murielle is therefore turned on for *Tares* in the evening. Gracie is a wonderfully clever child and has increased the favorable impression she made in *Editha's Burglar*. At the original matinee Janet Adenact was the Margaret and Sophie Eyre the Rachel. These characters are now represented by Kate Rorke and Gertrude Kingston respectively. They are fearfully trying parts, but they could hardly be played better. Forbes Robertson is at once manly and romantic as the lover, but in moments of extreme emotion somehow contrives to impress you that nature must have originally intended him for the church. *Tares* certainly deserves to succeed, but it is by no means certain that it will do so. I hear that if the play fails to draw Tristram and Stephenson's Panel Portrait may possibly be exhibited at the Opera Comique.

Matinees had rather a good time on Tuesday at the Avenue, where they attended to sit in judgment on T. P. Hurst's new three-act comedy-drama, *The Begum's Diamonds*. Though by no means perfect, the work proves so much above the average in quality that a lively interest was taken in the proceedings throughout. The chief blot upon the play is its illogical and artistic ending, which the author must reconsider if his work is to endure. The story will not take long to tell. Colonel Brudenell is a retired Indian officer—with a Past. Once upon a time he had a young and lovely wife, whom he sent home to England with the Begum's Diamonds. By and by she disappeared, and Brudenell, like Nick o' the Woods, up then'd and followed on the track. He traced his wife to Paris, but after this could obtain no precise information as to her whereabouts, she having meanwhile shuffled off her mortal coil and taken a single ticket for that bourne from whence no traveler returns. Brudenell was for the time being desolated, but while mourning his wife's loss he happened on part of a letter addressed to her and couched in the most affectionate terms. This caused the sorrowing Colonel to make other arrangements. As a matter of fact, his *car's* *spoke* had gone wrong with a mysterious masquer who (as it appears) has got away with the Begum's huddle. Henceforth Brudenell fills up a part of his time revolving schemes for the avenging of his honor and puts in the balance platonizing with pretty Mrs. Templeton, whose husband's guest he is. Anon B. confides in Mrs. T. and tells her his Past. Also he hands her the fatal letter—or half-letter, for the signature is torn off—to read and form her own conclusion. Very ingeniously the author has here contrived that this simple action shall excite Templeton's furious jealousy. Mrs. Templeton is just about to read the letter when her husband stands before her and intimates that she is no better than she should be (if, indeed, so good), and demands permission to peruse the compromising document. She is about to give it to him—when lo! she discovers that the letter is in his—her husband's—handwriting, and she realises at once that *he* is the mysterious masquer who has, etc., etc. She tears up the letter and throws away the pieces—not in the fire, *bien entendu*, but in the fireplace for future business. There is a violent row between Templeton and Brudenell, but by-and-by, explanations ensue and tranquility once more reigns. All this time Brudenell has not seen Templeton's handwriting, but presently (and again ingeniously) this pleasure is afforded him, and then there is the devil to pay, and no pitch hot, for it is just here that the author falls weak and (in effect) goes to pieces. In the further explanations, which now arrive, it is shown that the late Mrs. Brudenell was really a very bad egg indeed, that it was she who tempted Templeton to seduce her and to steal her diamonds, and that in point of fact Templeton is to be rather commended than otherwise for his share in the proceedings. So Brudenell and Templeton shake hands and make it up, and everybody is supposed to live happily ever after. Whether they are going to arrange matters on the *menage à trois* basis (which, according to certain scurrile cynics, is extremely fashionable just now in high society), or whether the platonizing of Mrs. T. and Colonel B. is in future to be really and truly platonic, is not quite clear. But I can hardly fancy a popular audience accepting with satisfaction the situation as it stands.

The acting was on the whole good. Lewis Waller was intense and morose as the Colonel; Florence West was intense and willowy as Mrs. Templeton; Yorke Stephens was alternately wooden and jerky as Templeton. The light-comedy element of the afternoon was satisfactorily supplied by Sidney Brough and Violet Vanburgh, little-girl Moneys and Eric Lewis, and Miss Hope. I hear that Uncle Sam French has purchased *The Begum's Dia-*

monds, and that he has great hopes of its future. When the defect to which I have called attention is mended, these may be realized, but probably not till then.

Pickwick—dramatic cantata by F. C. Burnand and Edward Solomon—is to be played at a series of comedy matinees commencing Feb. 4. Arthur Cecil will play Pickwick, Lottie Venné will be Mrs. Bardell, and Rutland Barrington *The Baker*, who has up to now remained in the background in adaptations of this book. Burnand is also engaged on the adaptation of *La Sécurité des Familles*, the farcical piece recently purchased by Edouin. With all these opportunities for the disposal of his chestnuts, it is marvelous that he continues to put so many in *Punch*. New songs by Robert Martin, Clement Scott, and other eminent hands, continue to be dropped into the Gaiety burlesque, *Faust up to Date*, which under this treatment continues to thrive apace. Irving has been laid up with sore throat and vocal chords and things. Hermann Vezin has been playing *Macbeth* at the Lyceum in consequence. We are in hopes that our own Henry will be able to return to work—that is, to play on Saturday night.

Wilson Barrett opens at the Princess' on Monday in *Hamlet*. *Good Old Times*—new drama in four acts by Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett—to follow. *Nowadays*—domestic drama in four acts by Wilson Barrett—is to be produced at a daily series of Princess' matinees as soon as possible after the production of *Good Old Times*. Grace Hawthorne (who is rapidly getting better) is to have a part therein. I hear that negotiations are pending for the transference of *Hands Across the Sea* from the Princess' to the Shaftesbury (which is now shut up), but as there is no part in Pettitt's play for Miss Wallis, I suppose these will fall through as similar negotiations for other plays at this house have fallen through before. *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*—and especially in the profession.

April Showers fell on the matinees at Terry's this afternoon. The piece proved to be neat in dialogue and inoffensive in tone, but somewhat too thin to recommend it to the patrons of the regular stage, though for the T. R. back drawing-room it has many attractions. Smartly played throughout, it was well received, and the author being called the Romeo half of him came on and bowed his acknowledgments.

GAWAIN.

FRANK M'KEE'S ENTERPRISES.

Frank McKee is a hustling young manager who is never happy unless he is working like a Trojan. When a Misaon reporter met him the other day he was busily engaged in Randall's Theatrical Agency, arranging with the head of that establishment for the time of the two companies which he will manage for Eugene Tompkins next season.

"I have secured the opening date of all three of my attractions," said Mr. McKee, for besides attending to *The Exiles* and *Mankind* I have, as you know, purchased from the owners the right to produce *A Tin Soldier*. That company will open its season at the Haymarket Theatre, Chicago. Now, of course, you want to hear about the other companies. Well, then, *The Exiles*, which is a romantic play by Sardou, and was produced with wonderful success ten years ago at Booth's Theatre in this city and then made the most phenomenal run of the time in Philadelphia and Boston, will open its season on Sept. 2 at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

"So far as the mounting of the play and the cast that it will be given is concerned, all I need tell any one who knows anything of theatricals is that Mr. Tompkins will be connected with the organization. I think that Mr. Tompkins is conceded to be the acknowledged chief when it comes to the mounting of spectacles, and no expense will be spared on *The Exiles*. There will be a very strong cast, and we shall carry all the scenery as well as the team of reindeer and the St. Bernard dogs necessary for the proper production of the play. On Nov. 11 *The Exiles* will come to Niblo's for a run of three weeks.

"Regarding *Mankind*, which opens its season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in this city on Aug. 19 for a run of three weeks, I would like to have the impression removed that it is not a new play. It is a melodrama by Paul Merritt and George Conquest, the English playwrights, and was originally produced at the Boston Theatre last Summer. Consequently it must not be confounded with the play produced in this city some ten years ago. The great effect in *Mankind* is where the house of one of the characters is attacked by a mob, and in this scene hundreds of panes of glass are used. Dan Maginnis, who created the principal part in the play in Boston, has been engaged, and the cast will be a particularly strong one. Both of the plays are expensive ones to carry about the country, and consequently they will be presented at the leading theatres in the largest cities only. Time is being booked rapidly."

REFLECTIONS.

EMMA MADDREN has been engaged by Manager Frohman for the Sweet Lavender traveling company.

IRMA HERNANDEZ has left the Ada Gilman Bubbling Over company to join the Hardie and Von Loer On the Frontier company.

THE story about the Lansing (Mich.) City authorities voting themselves free seats at all theatrical performances in that city is denied.

T. H. WINNETT, manager for Charles E. Verter, claims that 200 tickets were sold for his star recently in a small town in Canada on the strength of a solitary hanger.

JOHN F. HARLEY has retired from the business management of The Paymaster company.

CHARLES OVERTON is reputed to have bought *Tares*, the new English play, for A. M. Palmer.

FRANK BROOKER, manager of Julia Anderson, has signed a contract with Harley Merry for the painting of scenery for the three plays, *A Wife's Secret*, *Tempted by Woman* and *Wrecked Lives*. The plays will be elaborately mounted, and star and repertoire will be made one of the leading attractions of the coming season.

At the meeting of the Actors' Order of Friendship on Sunday last George Hoey presented the Order with a Forrest medal which had been in his possession for many years.

GEORGE REARDON has been engaged to play the role of the Count de Blangy in *Eben Plympton's* revival of *Belphegor*, the Mountebank.

ROSE COGHILLAN opened at Harris' Academy of Music on last Monday night, to one of the largest Monday night houses of the season.

THE following managers have taken headquarters in Klaw and Erlanger's new theatrical exchange, No. 25 West Thirtieth Street, since their last announcement: Gustave Mortimer, manager of the James-Wainwright company; Robert Fulford, manager of Annie Pixley; Mrs. E. L. Fernandez and Mrs. Z. H. Arthur, typewriting and phonograph offices.

The new farcical comedy, *A Bushel of Wheat*, in which Kirke Armstrong was announced to star this season, has been purchased by Charles E. White and will receive a New York production early next season, with a well-known star in the title role.

FREDERICK LORANGER, after a needed rest of two weeks at his home in Detroit, has re-organized his company, re-engaging all of his old people, as follows: Frank Campau, Albert De Vaul, Harry Palmer, Robert L. Pulford, George Clark, May Loranger, Alice Rogers, Josie Pulford and Emma Hoyt. The tour of the company will embrace Michigan, Ohio and Indiana.

THE BEACON LIGHTS company has volunteered their services for the coming benefit of the Hoboken Lodge of Elks.

ZORO is having a remarkably good season in the West. The company had a lucky escape, having been booked to appear at the Grand Opera House in Duluth, Minn., the day after that house was burned down. The company played in Chicago this week and will be in Brooklyn on Feb. 18. After the Brooklyn engagement the company will tour the New England circuit for the balance of the season. No less than 15,000 miles have been covered by the company this season.

THE production next season by Harry Williams of Shook and Collier's military drama, *The Blue and the Gray*, will be on a magnificent scale. Elaborate scenery is being painted and several well-known people have already been engaged. Time is nearly all filled in week stands.

N. S. WOOD, while playing at the Criterion Theatre, Chicago, last week, gave the newsboys of the North Side a treat by inviting them to a performance of *The Waifs of New York*. About six hundred of the little fellows attended the theatre in a body, and apparently enjoyed themselves, for every point that the star made was enthusiastically applauded.

HARLEY MERRY is making an addition to his scenic studio which will be a novelty. He will have a stage fifty feet wide, thirty feet deep, with flies, rigging, loft, etc., which will enable him to set a scene entire and give managers an opportunity to see what they are paying for. Thousands of dollars have been uselessly expended during the past season in scenery that has been found impracticable when set upon the stage, owing to the fact of its not having been put together for want of space.

HAMILTON HARRIS will star next season as Ned Drayton in *In the Ranks*. Mr. Harris will be supported by his own company, and will open at Jacobs' Theatre, Hoboken, Sept. 2.

JULIE S. KUSHEL is sole proprietor of the Streets of New York company. William R. Barr is manager of that organization.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has engaged Mme. Modjeska to support Edwin Booth next season, paying to the Philadelphia managers, who were to star that actress it is said, \$13,000 for her release. Mme. Modjeska will be featured and will open with Mr. Booth in this city at the Broadway Theatre next October, most probably in *Macbeth*, which will be given the finest production it has ever had in this city. Mr. Barrett has secured sixteen weeks at the Broadway Theatre. The first four weeks will be devoted to Booth and Modjeska, then Mr. Barrett will come in with his new play of *Ganelon* by Wm. Young, of Chicago, and then the final weeks will be devoted to Booth, Barrett and Modjeska.

LILLIAN CONWAY, the actress, is prostrated with acute rheumatism in St. Vincent's Hospital in this city.

The genial young manager of Frank Daniels' Little Puck company, Samuel P. Cox, is in the city perfecting arrangements for his star's appearance here next week. He reports the business done by the organization so far this season as being ahead of anything it has ever known before.

THE MUSICAL MIRROR.

THE FOURTH SEIDL CONCERT.

The most virulent opponent of new-school music would hesitate to deny the splendor of Wagner's orchestration. In this regard he stands alone, phenomenal and preëminent. But it is equally clear that in this very splendor lies a radical divergence from the older methods which must react on the executants. His orchestral, like his vocal composition, calls for different qualities in the performer, and encourages almost inconsistent tendencies. It must be rendered with force and fire, with massive breath and dignity, not necessarily with the minute refinement and grace of the classic school.

It is natural, then, that Mr. Seidl and his men should feel and show the influence of their environment, and find their hand, in some sense, 'subdued to the material with which they have to deal. If a text were needed for this exordium, it might be found in the fourth orchestral concert of Mr. Seidl's series, given on Saturday at the Metropolitan. Schumann's Symphony No. 4 in D minor is a beautiful and difficult work, and cannot be treated with rough or superficial haste. The interpretation lacked the qualities it imperatively needs. There was a perceptible deficiency in neatness and precision, in smoothness and warmth of tonality, in that fine subordination of parts and special instruments which should bring out and accentuate the delicate shading and full value of the phrase. It set in sharp light the gap which lies between the orchestra desk at the opera house and the classical concert stage.

Madge Wickham played a fine Romanze by Beethoven in excellent style. She was in far better form than on her earlier appearance, some months ago; her touch was firmer, her tone more clear, full and singing, and her execution more true and artistic. The Dance of the Elves, by the artistic firm of Popper-Halin, showed the merits of a composition by a virtuoso without the too frequent concomitant deduction. It was airy, sprightly and poetic in a delightful degree, and Miss Wickham played it with masterly ease and neatness.

Herr Paul Kalisch, looking particularly fresh and cheerful, and if possible more boyish than ever sang his two numbers with taste and feeling. His voice has not lost the slight veil or huskiness perceptible at his debut last year, and it is rather deficient in timbre and sonorous quality. It is, however, a very sweet, sympathetic organ, and Herr Kalisch uses it with unmistakably good school. His air from Fidelio was sung with fine dramatic and pathetic expression. Why he should have given Beethoven's Adelaide instead of the air from Oberon, billed on the programme, is a mystery lying somewhere between the management and the printer.

The same misunderstanding caused no little puzzlement in the audience by the transposition of two final numbers. The less experienced among the hearers must have been bothered to recognize in the lilting lightness of Lalo's pretty Divertissement the sombre majesty of the expected Parsifal overture. When it did come the introduction was most welcome. It is finely grave and religious, as the theme demands, but it curiously illustrates a predominant tendency in the master's later—or last—manner. While it offers frequent hints and reminiscences of the Lohengrin manner, it radically differs in its complete surrender of anything like clear, melodic theme, and the seemingly almost arbitrary way in which it passes through a series of keys and modulations in fine harmonic progression, without definite outline, like one of Turner's later pictures, a tonal impression rather than a thought.

THE BANNER STRING QUARTETTE.

Mr. Michael Banner, emerging long ago from his infant-phenomenal chrysalis, has reached the full-fledged state of the hard working student and artist. Among his other laudable steps to recognized efficiency, he has joined forces with Messrs. Hauser, Lillenthal and Herman, and formed (with no attempt at a pun, it may be hoped) the Banner String Quartette, which on Tuesday evening last gave its opening concert at Steinway Hall.

The programme was well chosen and well played. Mr. Banner, though not as mature as a few sad years are likely to make him, plays with great earnestness, spirit and dash, and a technical skill which already promises well for his future development. His most noticeable defect is a certain almost spasmodic jerkiness in attack and phrasing, which occasionally threatens to run into roughness or haste. The Beethoven Quartette in G major was excellently done, in especial the beautiful Adagio, Cantabile and the Scherzo.

Tartini's famous Devil's Trill, arranged by Viexemps for violin and string trio, is said to have been scored by the composer on waking from a dream in which the exceptionally musical Fiend played it to him, sitting at his bed foot. It has less of the specifically weird or diabolic and more of a pervading wild, dialing, yearning melancholy than we had fancied his Majesty of Darkness as habitually

indulging. Mr. Banner's youthful fervor gave it an intensity which was appropriate and good. It might expose us to misconception to say that he played like the Devil, but, under proper reserves, we venture the comment.

Ferdinand Hiller's graceful Trio No. 64, for piano, violin and violoncello, was given with grace and spirit, all the greater for Mr. Duleken's discreet coöperation at the piano-forte.

The Haydn Quartette in B flat major, which closed the programme, was rather a disappointment. It has not the smoothness and melodic charm of much of the master's work, and his much-vaunted simplicity and naïveté, borders perilously, in the present case, on dulness or doddering puerility.

THE PRESS CLUB CONCERT.

The New York Press Club Fund benefited on Sunday evening by a grand sacred concert given at the Broadway Theatre. For a strictly religious occasion it was a notably lively and cheerful—not to say jolly—service of song. Bright-robed vestals—Miss Forsyth, Miss Urquhart and others—stood ready to deck the entering worshippers with ceremonial garlands, and Miss Sadie Martinot periodically raided the ranks of the hushed congregation with her basket of buds, her smile and her cash pocket. Theologians of eminence, like Canon Aldrich, Dr. Marshall P. Wilder and Padre Perotti gave their experience in brief and well chosen extracts from the great book of human existence, and the Abbess of the Convent at Monte Casino, Mother Superior Lillian Russell, contributed a canticle from the book of Solomon. The congregation listened to the exercises with reverential, if not always with silent attention, and if their feelings sometimes found very audible expression, it is no more than usual in all great religious revivals.

To speak after the manner of men, the concert was particularly bright and pleasant, the programme well chosen and well executed, and the audience, largely made up of those cheerful reproaches, press men and professionals, seemingly callous to their perilous position, applauded everything to the echo and enjoyed themselves hugely. It need hardly be recorded that nearly every number had a recall.

The band of the Seventy-first Regiment, well led by Arthur A. Clappe, gave Mendelssohn's Ruy Blas overture and the Pilgrim's chorus from Tannhäuser with massive effect. It was as pleasant as curious, to note how well, in such transcriptions, a wind band may be made, under discreet leadership, to take the place of a full orchestra, the clarinets in especial doing surprisingly good work for the corresponding first strings.

Perotti who was billed for Sucher's song, "The Endless Blue Sea," sang instead, "La Donna e Mobile," doubtless as the shortest cut to those high C's which he gives with such telling force and clearness. Mme. Moran Olden sang Schumann's "Spring Night," and the Spanish Students tinkled their rather wheezy mandolins with an amiable persistence which threatened to develop into a case of chronic guitar.

Lillian Russell sang Mattei's pathetic ballad, "Dear Heart," in charming style, and her favorite "Picador" with fine dash and brilliancy. She is one of the few operetta singers who know how to phrase, and her voice seems untouched by time and wear. In Mand Powell's adagio by Godard the execution was happier than the selection, but both were good in Louis Aldrich's two recitations—the one pathetic, the other humorous.

In place of Fri. Ans der Ohe, indisposed, Marshall P. Wilder threw himself bravely into the gap, and told two or three of his funniest stories in his funniest way, which swept the house with Homeric laughter. In short, the chronicle may close as he began; the whole affair was thoroughly bright and enjoyable, but not in the least sacred, except in the finer sense which applies the term to all good and honest art. This, however, we opine, is a doctrine hardly as yet accepted by the consistories or the Sunday-schools.

TANNHÄUSER AT THE METROPOLITAN.

The representation of Tannhäuser at the Metropolitan on Monday was not a very inspiring or inspired performance. Spite of what the morning press may say to the contrary, Alvary has not entirely recovered from his recent throat attack, and his voice did not come out with its old ring and resonance till about the last act. Then Tannhäuser is, as compared with the pure and genuine Wagnerian music drama, almost classical, and the further Alvary gets in the direction of the classical, the worse it is for him. He can not phrase, and he can never be trusted to keep the key three bars at a time. So, spite of his manly presence and fine youthful voice, his Tannhäuser must stand far below that of the old war-horse, Niemann.

Madame Lehmann was handsome and sang well, after her wont, as Venus; but she was dreadfully handicapped by the "extended" score of her great scene with Tannhäuser. A more unmelodious Goddess of Love and untempting Temptress than the composer makes her

in this long and wearisome scene it might be hard to imagine.

Frl. Bettique sang unusually well in Elizabeth, without much earnestness, but in the tone of pale moonlight coolness and old-maid sanctity which seems to fit the character. Fischer was solid and reliable, as always, and barring a slight misunderstanding with the orchestra once or twice, would have made an impeccable Landgrave. Almost the most satisfactory work of the evening was done by Robinson, as Wolfram, who needs nothing but a slightly fresher voice and a better ear to make him a very noble singer. His "Grüsset seid mir edler sänger," and "Als ich hierin edlen kreise," were manly and good. The famous and beautiful Abendstern was ill sung, with rough execution and very bad intonation.

The chorus seems to deteriorate rather than improve. They are in no "touch" with the orchestra, drag upon the tempo, and sing in different keys with a serene independence which is democratic certainly, but not musical. They eminently need a thorough overhauling by the leader.

The long protraction of the first act imposed by the so-called Paris version will hardly commend itself to the taste of any but case-hardened enthusiasts of the ballet. The music both of the dance and the vocal score, is as we have above suggested, curiously harsh and dry, and there is nothing in the prolongation to redeem the disadvantage that it got the audience out into the wintry—and *carless*—streets at only a little before midnight.

MACBETH REFLECTIONS.

You have been at an exposition sometime, have you not? In one room you found glitter and glare and buzz; fountains, colored lights, pictures, machinery, music, movement, people—all stir, gaiety, excitement. You are almost dizzy and deaf as you turn aside and pass into another department—a display of nautical instruments, perhaps.

Here all is still, quiet, solid; no din, no music, no color, no noise. Involuntarily you shake out your ears, your eyes, your clothes, feel your feet under you and get control once more of your think power, your voice and your tongue.

It is so dull and grey and sober; the contrast is so great with what is going on outside that you wonder that any people are in there. But somehow they are and of a very nice order, too, and moreover, seem deeply interested in what they are seeing. You cannot escape the reflection: "It is well there are so many tastes else what would become of the departments?"

A chill as from a vault passed through me as the curtain went up on the dull gray skies, gray walls, gray turrets, the bare, undraped, uncarpeted rooms, gloomy halls and washed-out looking costumes of the Macbethian régime, with the glorious, gorgeous, gracious, glaring glitter of the Cleopatra cyclone drama in mind.

It is as the difference between red color and gray, love and friendship, a bath-room and the library of a monastery. What a test of personal beauty! What a piece of dare-deviltry for a handsome woman to assume, and what a tribute to her undisturbable order of beauty that throughout such a panorama of gloom and loneliness she constantly evokes flattering tributes to her beauty from the audience!

When Mrs. Langtry played As in a Looking Glass I said: "When she acts a lady (what the Lord intended her for when he made her) she is very nice, but the cigarette and big-bowed slippers are out of place on one of her style." She is naturally regal and queenly in appearance and manner, and the repose portions of tragedy are becoming to her.

But the whole thing is at best a great piece of amateur posing; a negative well-doing, exactly characterized by Roscoe Conkling's eulogy of Mrs. Potter: "Why, sir, she's not so bad after all!" Just how much the public are willing to pay to see a fashionable woman experiment with herself and to accept "not so bad" in place of "absolutely good" is a question for themselves to answer. At present they seem perfectly content. But look out for the reaction!

I see she still persists in that intensely ludicrous "pump-act" when expressing her "grietest grief," which draped Lena Despard's monuments of emotion with festoons of giggles. She stands panting, dipping and ducking herself for so long a time with a regular pumping motion that is irresistibly funny and convulses the audience.

An example of it is seen in Macbeth when he is relating the murder to her, and she stands with her back to his side, her head thrown backward on his shoulder, while she pumps and pants and pumps. He, the chump, is so taken up with his lines that he quite forgets to accord her the slightest attention in her distress.

Dear me, how I hate him! A living elocution book. It's all "elocution" with him, "piece-speaking" and "parlor-entertainment" business—his face, attention, voice, manner, everything directed straight towards the

audience, and over their heads, just like the parlor folk.

After I have been out at a party and written three or four hours next morning, I feel a look in my eyes as though there were no power behind them. They see well enough, but as if from the outside only. That's just like his reading of lines; I do not know just what is the matter with it, but that is the impression it gives me.

I see that he gives Richard Grant White's punctuation in the lines "If 'twere done *when* 'twere done 'twere well 'twere done quickly if," etc.

What do I mean? Well, you know the old reading of the lines made the meaning: "It is better to do this thing up quickly if it is going to be done at all!" A different punctuation insisted upon by Richard Grant White makes them mean: "I would be glad enough to kill him if I were sure I would not be caught and punished." Coghlan gives the last intonation.

I cannot see how there can be any argument as to the part Lady Macbeth takes in the instigation of the murder. Does he not say: "Why do I yield to this suggestion whose murder doth unfix my hair?" before he has seen Lady M.? Again: "You broke this enterprise to me," she says to him.

Surely he was the leader. Just how far fiendish ambition enters into wifely love seems to me to be the only conundrum in the matter—the conundrum, indeed, of many a woman's life to-day.

The play is very shabbily put on. Scene shifters are constantly seen from the audience. Servants in waiting guy each other across the stage, and the musicians in the Duncan castle act like street spectators. Loose ends like these are enough to mar if not destroy any performance.

I tell you what it is, tragedy nowadays to be acceptable must be very first-class work, and all of it good, else it is ridiculous in the extreme. You see, stage business is no longer a mystery. An audience knows all about the wooden shields, the wigs and tin swans behind the scenes, and takes special pride in discovering them to each other.

Then, too, high tragedy has been burlesqued to death. Once you have heard Italian opera burlesqued by a "negro minstrel" it takes a Patti to overcome the memory. But Patti come high; so do Bernhardt's. No company can afford to be composed of them entirely, hence the breaks and cracks and slits in allusion, letting the broad daylight of knowledge through, and ridicule is the result.

It is like sitting for oil portraits to poor artists in these days of photography. The time has gone by for that. I should imagine that by closing up together the eventual suggestions of great plays, and cutting out those business breaks, the illusion success in this direction would be better.

Just look at that banquet scene! Such a banquet! And the "tree brigade"—such a brigade! And such a ghost and such an assassin! Why do not managers see at rehearsal how ridiculous those things seem as the audience do? If only they could sit in an audience and hear the remarks made I am sure they could not allow it again.

A story you know is better left wholly to the imagination than poorly illustrated.

What a nice task it must be in the sleep-walking scene to place that lighted candle upon a stand while walking by it and with the eyes fixed in an entirely different direction. They must not turn a particle, you see, else the somnambule effect is gone.

Ethel Bryant Chapman—Milwaukee's brilliant little "coach," erstwhile one of Mr. Daly's charming coterie, withdrawn thence by Manager Hymen (the only one, I believe, whose fiat is acknowledged by the redoubtable New York "schoolmaster")—tells me that in all her experience she never essayed so ticklish a task as placing a mettlesome luminary upon a tall pillar with about a square foot of surface.

She also tells me that the correct elevation of the eyes at such times is much lower than one would imagine. Lady Macbeth, for instance, you would imagine looking at least at the lower gallery. In reality her eyes are directed no higher than the parquet centre-point. In calling upon God should an actress raise her eyes to the attitude they would naturally assume, they would simply look straight into her bangs and show entire white to the audience.

Sarah Siddons—great-aunt of the present Mrs. Siddons—had Macbeth in her repertoire for thirty years, and to the last performance never went on in it without renewed study, care and attentive rehearsal. Hear that ye "geniuses" who believe in "inspiration without perspiration!"

So great was the impression made by this stage queen that during a performance in London, by demand of the audience, the curtain was rung down after the sleep-walking act that nothing more might be seen.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

THE Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels will give a sacred concert in white face at Niblo's on next Sunday night.

STAGE STORIES. THE BEAUTY OF THE ROYAL.

BY SYDNEY COWELL.

PART I.

The snow was falling in heavy flakes, and each moment the rising gale dashed it more furiously in our faces. The night was closing in rapidly, and it was growing difficult to distinguish the road before us. Our poor, tired horses struggled boldly forward but could hardly make any headway against the driving storm, and we were still, according to latest information, at least ten miles from Omaha.

Suddenly to our inexpressible relief and delight there rang out the clear sharp bark of a dog, the solo being followed by a chorus of canine voices, among which could be distinguished the high soprano of the wiry terrier and the deep basso profundo of the massive hound.

"Hallo-o-o!" shouted we at the very top of our voices. "Hallo-o-o!" came the glad response, and soon, welcome to our fainting hearts as the blessed star to the shepherds of old, a light beamed through the growing shadows of the night and the mad, white flurry of the snow.

Our poor beasts, who could not possibly have struggled on much further, hailed the voice and the flickering gleam with joyous whinnies and renewed efforts, and before many seconds were over stood steaming and trembling before a high gate, which rose from the midst of a formidable, wall-like fence on our right. Behind the gate we could dimly perceive the figure of a man, who upheld in one hand a swinging lantern, while with the other he grasped a revolver.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" cried he, in a somewhat suspicious tone.

"We are two belated travelers," shouted I as well as I could through the roaring and whistling of the wind. "I am Geoffrey Miles, this is Richard Hadley. We are on our way to Omaha; have been overtaken by this confounded blizzard. For God's sake, man, give us shelter; our nags are worn out, we don't know the road, and we will perish if you refuse us admittance."

The stranger made no reply in words, but unlatched the gate and with some difficulty dragged it backward through the heavy hillocks of snow, at the same time addressing some pacifying words to a tribe of dogs, who had been leaping round him with certain ominous snarls and growls addressed to us. Their master's voice, however, had a magical effect, and as we passed through the gate they barked a chorus of welcome, and vied with each other in paying us all the polite attentions in their power. In about another minute we were standing before a building which even in that uncertain light we could see was large and substantial, constructed, however, of massive timber, in true log cabin style. Presently the door was opened cautiously, and the peering face of an old negro appeared in the aperture.

"Here, Glancus," said his master, "take these horses to the stable, rub them down well, and give them a good supper. They have earned it, poor brutes. Where is Nydia?"

"I is here, sah!" replied a soft Southern voice, and another kind black face appeared at his bidding. By this time we had followed our host into the house, and found ourselves in a wide and handsome hall, carpeted with rugs of deer and buffalo skins, while on the painted walls hung the antlers of moose and elk and an endless variety of shining weapons of the chase, which beamed brightly in the light of the blazing logs that roared in a wide open fireplace. There was no upper story to the building. The rooms on the left of the main hall constituted the private apartments of our host, those on the right the dining-room, kitchen, and other domestic offices.

Hardly had the heavy door been closed and barred when our new friend turned to us and gave us a hearty greeting. "Let me look at you both," he said, after a cordial grip of the hand. "You don't know how glad I am the blizzard blew you my way to-night. Visitors are rare luxuries to me. All my own fault, for there are good men and true within hailing distance, but solitude is my wedded wife, and I love her! But even one's wedded wife is apt to pail on one at times, and to-night I wearied of her. Welcome to the Cell of St. Anthony; that is what the folks around call this shanty, I believe."

By this time we had removed our outer garments, and the dusky Nydia reappeared, all smiles and snowy apron, bearing on a tray a hissing urn, a bottle, sugar, lemons and glasses. No time was lost by our kind entertainer in concocting a most delicious beverage.

"It won't spoil your supper," said he. "And I know you must be half frozen. What ha! Nydia, fair flower of Africa! I pry thee haste and prepare the banquet, and see to it that 'tis worthy of our noble guests." Nydia grinned and chuckled out of the room, and we proceeded rapidly to a better acquaintance.

"You have given me your names. Mine is Trevarrock. Paul Trevarrock, a Cornish

man, as you may gather from the 'Tre.' I am farmer, hunter, trapper, what you will, and a poor dabbler in other pursuits, as you will discover before you leave. Come, Mr. Miles, Mr. Hadley, fill your glasses. This is good stuff and won't hurt you, and should you find it somewhat potent, Nydia's black coffee will counteract the effect. Here's to your health, gentlemen, and God bless the blizzard!" He rose as he spoke, and we had a chance to scan him fully. What a picture he made! Tall, and formed like a young Hercules, with his wavy brown hair and beard, untrimmed by any barber's blade; the ruddy firelight falling on his red shirt, corduroys and high boots, and his favorite hound, Cerberus, crouching at his feet. A strange contradiction to his massive form and cowboy costume was his hand—brown, indeed, but small and delicate as a woman's; and still another contradiction will complete this poor description of Paul Trevarrock. Genial and kindly as he was, with a jest forever lurking on his lips, still there was a shadow round his frank gray eyes and a pathetic droop at the corners of his handsome mouth that spoke of some life struggle fought, conquered, but not entirely subdued. After a pleasant conversation he conducted us to his private apartments, to which, among the dogs, the favored Cerberus alone had access. Here we were stricken dumb with astonishment. The walls and ceilings handsomely wainscoted, painted, frescoed. The floor strewn with the softest rugs. Portières of richest Indian stuffs supplied the place of doors, and everywhere, on walls, tables, shelves, easels, were valuable paintings, photographs, engravings, with here and there a delicate bit of statuary, a classic vase or antique lamp. Trevarrock enjoyed our surprise.

"I hope you will find your prison endurable," he said. "If I know anything of Western weather you will be snowbound for some days; but if you can stand the siege the garrison can. You will find the castle well victualled and supplied with all things needful. This further room is yours for the nonce; and now I will leave you to prepare for dinner."

After a hasty toilet, at which Glancus assisted with pitchers of steaming hot water and every convenience comfort could suggest, we were summoned to the dining-room where our host received us in evening dress, having dropped his backwoods costume to do us honor. Nydia proved herself a genius, Glancus waited on us with the utmost decorum and an overwhelming sense of dignity, and the wine was beyond reproach.

After dinner we returned to the studio, and Trevarrock seated himself at the piano and sang several simple old melodies so tenderly that we could hardly realize this was the rough, hardy being who had met us, pistol in hand, two hours before. Then Hadley, who is one of the nicest boys I know, entertained us with half-a-dozen London music-hall ditties, and then who laughed with such a hearty guffaw as Trevarrock? It was now my turn, but being no vocalist I escaped with a few old stories, which went very well considering their antiquity, and then Nydia reappeared, tea, bottle and all, and after a parting glass and a friendly "Good night," we separated. Hadley and I fell into the dreamless sleep of happiness and fatigue.

PART II.

My first impression on awaking was that the roof had fallen in, or an avalanche crushed down upon me. It was really Hadley's arm which had fallen upon my chest with a dull thud. Jumping out of bed, I ran to the window and discovered that, although the wind had dropped, the snow was still falling silently, steadily down. Indeed, it half obscured the window, and must have been several feet in height. Dressing quickly we went in search of our host, whom we found in the stable, a spacious, comfortable, building (for Trevarrock loved all dumb animals, and provided in all ways for their welfare). He and Glancus were attending to the wants of our horses, and of half a dozen animals of his own. During breakfast our host informed us that the roads would be impassable for several days, and insisted that we should prolong our visit until the weather moderated at least. We consented gladly, and what a jolly time we had! Certainly there were no out-door amusements, but what of that? We ate and we drank, we played and we sang; we talked—heavens! how we talked! We played chess, cribbage, poker—we examined Trevarrock's extensive library, his endless collection of photographs, while he would sketch us as we sat, for he was no mean artist himself.

On the evening of the third day, while we were enjoying a sociable smoke and chat before the huge log fire in the hall, Cerberus snoring at our feet, and the other dogs huddling in the pleasant warmth with sleepy content, Hadley broke a long silence by saying: "There's is but one element lacking in this paradise."

"Eve?" queried Trevarrock. Hadley nodded gravely. "That is an element that will be forever lacking. No woman will ever bear my name. No woman's sweet face will ever

disturb the devotions of this St. Anthony—no living woman's face, I mean. Friends, you have courteously foreborne to question me, but I intend telling you my poor story if you care to hear it. You must have wondered why I have abandoned the world and settled down here in voluntary exile. Can you stand a prosy tale this bitter Winter's night? Good. Then my gentle Nydia, turn down yonder lamps—so, and then bring goblets and the flowing bowl, and then, retire, vanish, fly!" When all was quiet, the logs replenished, and everything arranged to the satisfaction of our host, he commenced the story of his life:

"I am the second son of a Cornish gentleman. The estate being strictly entailed, I had to be content upon attaining my majority with a limited income of some three hundred pounds a year. With some difficulty I persuaded my father to buy me a commission; but a year or two of barrack life disgusted me, so I sold out, to the great delight of the good people at home. My next step was in an artistic direction. I had some skill with my brush, and fancied I had more, so I went to Rome, set up a studio, and worked earnestly for a time, meeting charming people and leading a delightful Bohemian existence. After two years' study, however, I gave up again. The truth stared me in the face, my talent was decidedly mediocre, and I could never hope to attain a prominent position in the world of art. Disappointed and dissatisfied with myself and my life, I returned to England, and almost the first person I met was Felix Chidley, my old college chum. Felix was a capital fellow, clever, but erratic. He had dabbled in a thousand different speculations, to the great horror and disgust of his highly respectable family, and had now capped the climax, he told me, by going into theatrical management. The enormity of this last offense was mitigated in some degree by the fact that he had proved eminently successful."

"You see, Paul," said he, "Old Jennings has been running the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, for nearly thirty years. He and his family are well liked in the town, but he is so jolly old-fashioned, and his company were nearly all as antique as he, grown gray in service, you know. So business was falling off, and the old boy became embarrassed, and there you are! I furnished the funds needed, and became full partner in the concern with more than a merely monetary interest therein. Then I wooed out half the old mummies in the house and replaced them with young and clever people. I produced all the newest London successes, treat 'em to a good ballet now and then, and there you are again! By Jove! veterans tell me I have reproduced in modern form the palmy days of the old stock! It's great, my boy, great, and it pays, upon my soul it does. By the way, do you want an engagement? I discharged my second walking gait last week. What do you say? you'd look the character. Fine parts: good thoughtful ones. 'Charles, his friend' kind of thing. Try it. It's better than loafing anyhow."

"The idea took my fancy. I had often thought that stage life would suit me as well as any other career, and in truth cared little in what direction my footsteps led me. So, as terms were no object, the matter was soon settled, and the following morning I accompanied Chidley to the theatre, where I found a rehearsal in progress. After it was over my friend, the manager, introduced me to the principal members of the company as a promising young amateur and a particular chum of his own. Of course I was received cordially, one pompous old gentleman in particular being most gracious and condescending in his greeting. He was, I understood, the 'First Old Man.' 'First Old Mummy,' said Felix to me, with a laugh. 'His wife is just such another old tie-wig, but I endure them both for Beauty's sake.' 'Beauty?' I asked.

"Yes, their daughter Beauty. I don't know if her godmother and godfather christened her so, but that's what she's called. Beauty Belyze, or as she is known in Plymouth, 'The Beauty of the Royal.' That's been her title these five years, and she's not over two-and-twenty now. Here she comes. I'll introduce you." And so I met my fate. I wish I could describe her to you, my friends, but I might as well attempt to paint a rainbow, and do justice to it. Imagine the sunniest, brightest, loveliest creature in the world; full to the brim with the perfect happiness that youth, beauty, health and admiration can bestow. At the first glance from her merry beaming eyes I became her helpless adorer, and soon found I was only one among many. Everybody adored her, from Fitz-Clarence, the money, aristocratic looking man, to the stuffy old back-sheep. She was the toast of all the gilded youth of Plymouth, and the public fairly worshipped her, although I must honestly confess that as an actress Beauty's talent was of a most meagre order. The parts assigned to her were generally those of the pert little maid in cap and apron, all demure wickedness and affected simplicity. Occasionally she appeared in white muslin as some persecuted little walking lady, but it mattered little what she did, or how she did

it. She was the pet of the public, and they applauded her without rhyme or reason, while her benefit was one of the events of the season.

"Mr. and Mrs. Belyze soon became aware of my devotion to their pretty daughter, and accorded me every encouragement. I was a constant and favored guest in their cosy apartments, and before long the acknowledged suitor of 'The Beauty.' In the meantime I had made my first appearance with some success, had risen from the ashes of 'Charles, his friend,' and now soared in the upper region of acknowledged juvenile roles. All this much to the satisfaction of my good friend Chidley, who, however, shook his head gravely over my connection with the Belyze family."

"Paul, my lad," he would say, "red light, danger signal, rocks ahead! Belyze is a pompous, selfish old hypocrite, and his wife is an affected humbug. All they care about is money, and they have an idea that you are a man of wealth. Beauty is a good girl, I grant you, but she is their daughter, and I fear is just a little tainted with the family failing. There, don't look indignant, I beg your pardon. 'Gang, yer ain gait,' as the Scotch say, but don't blame me when you find where it leads to?"

"This sort of counsel unsettled and irritated me, but in no degree shook my devotion to my beautiful sweetheart."

"One day I received a telegram from Cornwall, summoning me to my father's sick bed. I had neglected my home circle sadly of late, and it was with severe twinges of remorse I prepared to take my departure. After all was ready I went to bid adieu to Beauty. 'Must you really go, Paulo Mio?' she asked, tearfully. 'My kind, good old dad is dying.' Ah, Beauty, I have not been the comfort to him I might have been," I replied. She nestled against me tenderly and said: 'My dearest boy is always good and kind. Tell me, Paulo Mio, you are your father's eldest son, are you not? If—if the dear old gentleman should be taken away, you inherit his title and fortune, don't you, darling?'"

"I did not like this question, although murmured between sweet carresses. 'My father's death will make little or no change in my condition,' I said. 'He has no title beyond that of simple Esquire, and the property reverts to my elder brother. My income is a moderate one, but sufficient to keep the wolf from the door when we are married, and I will work, oh, how I will work to double and treble it, for your sake, my beauty, my angel!' My betrothed yielded to my embrace, but her pretty lips pouted. Her eyes avoided mine. I could see she was bitterly disappointed. Within an hour I was on my way to Trevarrock Hall, trembling to meet my poor father and gentle mother, and yet haunted, haunted ever, by the memory of those melting, beautiful blue eyes. I reached home to find that my father had rallied wonderfully, and was conscious of my presence. It touched me to the heart to see how the once strong, sturdy squire was stricken down, and how my arrival appeared to cheer and strengthen him. For several days he seemed to improve, then came a relapse, a terrible struggle with the arch enemy, and then again a brief respite from pain for the poor sufferer. God forgive me, when after weary hours of watching at his dying bed, I would retire to my room to snatch a brief interval of repose, it was my love's face my fancy lingered on—on soft white arms, and rosy lips, and pleading eyes. Well, my reward was to come. I wrote every day to Beauty, and in return, at first came brief little conventional notes, which after a time ceased altogether. At last, after I had been at Trevarrock over a month, I telegraphed a long and comprehensive message to Chidley. I received the following terse reply: 'Keep away. Forget her.'"

"The following day saw the close of the long struggle, and, after all was over, and I had assisted at the last sad ceremony, I hastened back to Plymouth."

"It was with a horrible sinking at my heart that I sought the lodgings of the Belyze family the morning after my arrival. My hand shook as I raised the little old-fashioned knocker, and the servant girl looked frightened as she ushered me into the 'front parlor,' instead of showing me up stairs, as usual. Presently Mr. Belyze appeared, and he also looked nervous, I thought, and ill at ease, but that might have been, I told myself, the effect of my altered looks and heavy mourning."

"Why describe the interview? My torture was less but brief. I learned in very few words that Beauty had been married two days previously to a Sir John Selkirk, and had immediately departed for his ancestral abode, Selkirk Castle, Scotland. Of course I was indignant, maddened, but my reproaches fell like snowflakes on molten iron. Belyze was stolid and impenetrable. He gave me plainly to understand that he and his family had been deceived as to my rank and means, and that his daughter Beauty had married not only to insure the happiness of her parents, but to gratify her own ambition—"

"and her own happiness, naturally," added Bel
eye, with a curious cough.

"There was nothing more to be said, so I
rushed from the house and sought Chidley,
who gave me further particulars. It seems,
that unknown to me, Sir John had long been
one of Beauty's many admirers. The family,
imagining me to be a rich man, had carefully
concealed the fact, 'playing me' against the
baronet, whose views, in the first instance,
had not been of the most honorable nature.
On learning of our engagement, however, the
cold cautious nature yielded, and on my de-
parture he pressed for a speedy marriage.

"She held out for a time," said Chidley,
"but, bullied by her father, entreated by her
mother, flattered by the brilliant prospect be-
fore her, she yielded at last." It was in vain
that my good friend endeavored to cheer and
sustain me. I felt myself a broken-hearted
man. The idea of a theatrical life was now
distasteful to me, ambition, hope, both were
dead; my only desire was to leave England.

"This was soon gratified. Some friends of
mine who had property in the far West,
among the cattle ranches of Laramie and
Cheyenne, invited me to visit them, and I
gladly accepted. After several months in
their society I heard of this place being for
sale. It suited me exactly, so I bought the
ground and enlarged and improved the old
shanty to suit my own tastes. Here I have
lived with my horses and dogs, my paintings
and books, my faithful old servants, for
nearly five years, with only an occasional
visitor to break the calm but delightful mo-
notony of St. Anthony's Cell."

"And have you never heard since of Beauty
Belknap, of Lady Selkirk?" asked Hadley.

"Indirectly, often, through Chidley, with
whom she corresponded to the last. Three
years ago he enclosed a letter from my last
love; it forms the last chapter in the romance
of my life, so it is meet you should hear it
with the rest."

From a desk in a dim corner of the room he
produced a few sheets of coroneted note
paper, from which he read the following:

SELKIRK CASTLE, Oct. 15, 188—

Caro Paulo Mio:
Where are you, I wonder? Will this ever find you?
Is it wicked of me to write to you, is it, dear? No,
dear Paul, something that is not sin impels me to
write to you, to beg you to implore you, to forgive
me. I will not say that I was forced to marry Sir
John—but listen. From my earliest years I had
been taught to be worldly, to understand that wealth
meant happiness, and when I learned that you were
rich I was so glad, so glad, for I loved you dearly
always, Paulo Mio. And then you told me you were
poor, and left me alone. I hated poverty and dreaded
it. Papa and mamma lectured me, and I thought how
fine it would be to be my Lady Selkirk! and so I married
Sir John, who brought me here, where I was re-
ceived by his mother, and his sisters Lady Janet and
Lady Margaret. They met me, not rudely, but oh!
so coldly. They and I have nothing in common, and
at first my manners annoyed them very much. They
knew that I had been an actress and the idea was
horrible. My singing and dancing were denounced
as unseemly and "theatrical." My dresses were too
gay, my views too liberal. Sir John is under the in-
fluence of his mother and sisters; I irritate and han-
dicate him; he tires of me, and oh, my friend, I am
so unhappy! Poor papa and mamma, who eagerly
longed for this unhappy marriage, are bitterly un-
deceived. All communication with my family is
forbidden, and I am not allowed even to send them
any presents, which is what they expected I am
sure, and now they are very sorry I did not marry
another person. The days are so long, so dreary:
when I catch a glimpse of myself in the glass I see a
pale, frightened-looking girl; you would scarcely
recognize her. Can you understand why I find
courage to write to you? It is because I think before
long God will be good to me, and take me away
from this cold, sad place, where everybody is so
good, and grim, and cruel. Now I have finished my
letter, and I feel so happy, really happy, for I know
Mr. Chidley will send it to you, and that when you
read it you will forgive me the base wrong I did
you, for I am punished, dear, I am punished. I
loved you Paul, in spite of my frivolity and wicked-
ness. I love you now, but it is a love I shall not be
ashamed to take with me to Heaven. Good by, Mio
Caro. Your poor

BEAUTY.

We were silent for a while, and Trevanlock
let the paper drop from his fingers, while his
sad eyes gazed into the falling embers. Then
rising with an effort he restored the letter to
its desk, and shaking himself as if from slum-
ber, cried:

"Dead! boys, dead! God be praised, my
little sun-bird has winged her way to the
bright skies of heaven. Think of my beauti-
ful darling caged in that cold Scottish prison,
eating her heart out among their rigid rules
and stiff decorum! I am glad she is dead,
dead to them! For me she still lives, and it
is for her I lead this lonely life, and will con-
tinue to lead it, until Heaven in its mercy
summons me to meet my darling again."

Three days later, at set of sun, we were at
the gate, bidding adieu to our generous host.
The storm was over, the weather was cold
and clear, and our horses seemed delighted to
find themselves again under saddle. We had
shared a parting stirrup cup with Trevanlock,
and an interview with Glaucus and Nydia had
left two ebony faces radiant with delight. All
the dogs had come down to the gate to bark
a "God-speed." The final warm grip of the
hand, the last word of farewell, and we turned
our horses' heads toward Omaha. The rosy
flush of the dying sun rested on Trevanlock's
handsome head, but as we passed on it died
away. A chill breeze blew up from the
North, and the pale moon peered at us from a
wintry sky.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is pronounced out
of danger from pneumonia, but her husband,
Carl Strakosch, fears that she will have to
undergo a serious surgical operation. At
Norfolk, Va., in December last, she slipped
on the stage and fractured her collar bone.
The injury has given her much trouble since.

AMONG OUR SCENE PAINTERS.

I.—RICHARD MARSTON.

Let us imagine that after having witnessed
a performance of special merit and admired
the superb beauty of the scenery in the com-
fortable and cosy Madison Square Theatre,
we are permitted by the management to in-
dulge the universal craving "to go behind
the scenes," to see how they are prepared, the
place in which they are painted and the man
whose taste and genius has produced them.
Let us mount a narrow corkscrew stair placed
by the architect where no ray of daylight
could ever penetrate and no two persons pass
each other, and in time we come upon a
narrow platform running round three sides
of the big well occupied by Steele Mackaye's
big elevator stage. Groping our way in a
kind of twilight we come to the paint bridge
—just three feet wide. A slight partition
prevents the artist from falling over on to
the stage while an opening in the middle of
it enables the palette to be drawn out on
movable brackets.

Now a scene painter's palette is not by any
means one of those dainty-looking oval things
with a hole to stick your thumb through; it is
a substantial table some eight feet long by
three broad, furnished, when in use, with a
line of large pans of color, buckets of water
and size, pots of colors mixed to different
tints, brushes, charcoal, and all the other par-
aphernalia for painting pictures as large some-
times as the side of a house. In most paint
rooms, however inconvenient they may be
(and it must be allowed that in New York the
architects would appear to have vied with each
other how to make the artist's den the most
awkward corner, or the staircase most likely to
break his neck), there is at least room to stand
the palette. Here, if the palette were on the
bridge, the painter could not work, so it is
pulled in or put out, according as the elevator
stage goes up or down, and it is a source of
constant anxiety to watch for the stage. If it
were not pulled in and the thirty tons of stage
caught it, the old sailor's chestnut would be
re-enacted in another form: "Let go the
painter!" "Aye, aye, sir; there he goes, pots
and all!"

We are just in time to see the painter and
his assistant rushing wildly to pull in the
palette on hearing the first "click" of the ma-
chinery. When this has been done we will
squeeze between it and the picture on the frame,
lucky if we do not carry away some rainbow-
colored memento on our coats. Now we find
a window and under it a table, at which the
artist usually sits to make his models, fash-
ioned so exquisitely in cardboard that they
are worthy to ornament your drawing-room.
Turning once more to the left we see a little
office, to which no daylight ever comes, but
which is filled with illustrated books of price-
less value as artistic works of reference.

And who is the high priest of this queer
temple of art in which so many lovely things
have been produced? His name is well-
known enough throughout the land as its
foremost artist for the past twenty years. He
is Richard Marston. But who knows what
he looks like? With the modesty so often
allied to genius he lives a hermit-like life in
thoughtful contemplation, seldom accessible
to strangers, preferring the companionship of
his wife and his pet raven and tortoise to all
the hollow pleasures with which "society" mocks
its devotees. We will, therefore, describe him
in his painter's dress.

A tall, well-proportioned man, some five
feet ten in height, with the muscles of an
athlete, stands before us in a suit of canvas—
a jacket cut man-o'-warman fashion, with a
large square collar ornamented with braid
hanging over his shoulders, and a "pair of
bags." Handsome, regular features, a capa-
cious forehead, and a calm but keen eye, be-
token intellect and refinement. Quiet but
costly apparel, speaks of solid wealth, and a
well-barbered moustache, which might excite
the envy of a colonel of dragoons, gives the
finishing touch of aristocratic bearing. When
modeling he wears a pair of spectacles; a ne-
cessity only imposed upon him by the dim
light of his paint-room.

Marston was born at Brighton, in England,
in 1842. His father, Henry Marston, was the
leading man of Sadler's Wells for many years.
At the age of twelve he began to learn draw-
ing under Finlay, the artist of that theatre,
and two years later was in the studio there
under Fenton, practically acquiring his art
in the famous Shakspearean productions of
Samuel Phelps. After Sadler's Wells he as-
sisted Owen Jones in the ornamentation of the
Crystal Palace, and from thence migrated to
Nye Chart's Theatre, at Brighton, in the
double capacity of scenic artist and first walk-
ing gentleman. He then produced for Walter
Montgomery, at Nottingham, two pieces in
a style which attracted the attention of Lon-
don managers. Harry Palmer, Jarrett's
partner, then brought him to America to pro-
duce the original Black Crook.

The magnificence of that production: revo-
lutionized scenic art in America. It was fol-
lowed by The White Fawn. Marston then
entered the service of James Fisk at the Grand
Opera House, where he painted Patrie, The
Sea of Ice, The Twelve Temptations and

several French operas. Lalla Rookh was in
preparation at the time of Fisk's tragic death,
and was produced. A very magnificent re-
production of Lalla Rookh for Niblo's, which
included a scene of the infernal regions, was
finished for the opening at night, but in
the morning the theatre was burned,
everything within the walls being destroyed
except Marston's trunk of brushes and
sketches, saved by some mysterious current
of air in a stairway.

Then he was engaged by A. M. Palmer at
the Union Square Theatre, and he has for the
past eighteen years been identified with all the
famous productions of that and the Madison
Square Theatre. Such pieces as Agnes, Hather-
ley Court, Without a Heart, Led Astray,
Geneva Cross, Two Orphans, Rose Michel,
Ferreol, Daniel Rochat, Celebrated Case,
Danicheffs, False Friend, Banker's Daughter,
Lights o' London, and others down to his
latest success, Captain Swift, have contributed
to his being placed by common consent at the
head of the profession. The public appre-
ciation accorded him has been marked, as on
many occasions he has received triple calls,
and one scene in The Banker's Daughter was so
beautiful that he received the unprecedented
honor of being called before the curtain every
night for several weeks. Probably one of
the secrets of his success has been a profound
mastery of the science of perspective.

But we have wandered from our purpose of
describing him at his work. We will suppose
him starting upon a production. He invariably
selects the most difficult work first so
that such a thing as delaying an opening night
is unknown in his record. He breaks the
back of his work at the outset so that if there
is a crash at the last it is upon unimportant
masking pieces or portions which may be en-
trusted to assistants. Although he can "make
the sparks fly," he believes in a steady, lively
pace, so he begins at half-past seven in the
morning and leaves off at dusk, saving his
own health and the manager's gas-bill.

The few who, "their adoption tried," are ad-
mitted to his friendship, know him to be
staunch and loyal, loving his art for its own
sake, and attributing the wealth he has ac-
quired to that fact, and brimful of versatile
talent of every description, from having
played harlequin in his early days to writing
an article; from the power to sing first tenor
in an opera to painting a gallery picture. He
is equally strong and unswerving in his affec-
tions and aversions, and has a happy union
of the poet's temperament with the practical.
His work has done so much to advance art
in this country that he has well earned the
respect that is accorded him.

SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

Have you ever seen her?

Not the *blase*, well-poised young lady who
has "seen the play before" and who eyes it
all through her lorgnette with a calm, well-
bred toleration that is worse than indifference.
Not the tailor-made girl whom you meet on
Broadway after the performance—who daz-
zles you with her knowledge of ancient his-
tory and classic lore, and who dissects the
players with all the ruthless egotism of a fe-
male Crinkle or a maiden Howard. Neither
of these. The Matinee Girl is a distinct and
original creation. She is not yet "out." She is
a bud on the outskirts of the garden of girls,
and languishes in innocent desuetude at
home, while Madge and Helen sally forth to
a first night performance, under the careful
chaperonage of mamma. She has not reached
the dignity of a *decollete* dress or a front seat
at the opera, and is forced to feed the drama-
tic cravings of her young soul with afternoon
doses, sustained only by the weak and unsatis-
factory support which female companionship
and Huyler can impart.

The writersaw her last Saturday at Palmer's
and recognized her immediately—not by the
roses at her belt, for there were rose
decked young women in abundance—super
abundance, in fact. They waved their fans,
dispensing sachet odors until the air was
heavy. They poised their director's crowned
heads so defiantly that a couple of clubmen
(who had strolled in at the back to see if the
play had been improved too much) went out
with a look of reckless badness on their faces
that was appalling.

But there was only one Matinee Girl and
she sat down in the orchestra with her big
sister. You knew her by her glad smile and
eloquent eyes during the overture—thorough-
breds never enjoy an overture—by her box of
bon-bons. A properly constructed New
York girl will not eat candy in the theatre—
and by the abandon with which her bright
hair was knotted beneath her velvet toque.

She followed Cleopatra's "sumptuous, sin-
uous, serpentine" movements with fascinated
and breathless interest. She surveyed the
glittering equipments, the gorgeous robes
and flaunting banners, as a comprehensive
and magnificent whole. She absorbed the
delicate beauty of the actress with eyes like
stars, and failed utterly to see the glaring im-
propriety of it all, which has so shocked and
horrified our spasmodically proper New
York. She heard the great harmonious
clamor of that grand triumphal march; she

saw the face of the "player queen," lighted
with a smile of personal as well as acted
pride, and as the curtain fell, amid the plaud-
its of the stage populace, she gave a little
gasp of perfect contentment and sank back in
her chair in silent ecstasy. She was supremely
happy with all the glorious, unreasoning en-
thusiasm of youth and knew nothing of that
profound culture which expresses itself in
severe displeasure at everybody and every-
thing under the sun.

When Bellew came upon the stage every
woman in the house swerved forward with a
display of interest that must have been ex-
tremely gratifying to that much advertised
young man.

We watched the Matinee Girl sharply. It
was very interesting!

She looked at him just once—and then her
eyes fell, and she shrank back against her sis-
ter's sealskin sleeve with a wild-rose flush on
her cheek which told to a certainty that she
had his picture in her room with a ribbon on
the corner. We sighed—a "sigh that was
almost a tear." For one mad moment we
wished that we were he. Not for the hun-
dreds of sweet glances from patrician eyes
which were cast at his defenceless head, but
for that swift blush and shrinking movement
which mutely said so much.

We watched her as she passed out and
joined the madding crowd on Broadway, com-
pletely silenced and swallowed up in the story
magnificence of her sister's "English" air and
high-bred repose; but we knew in our heart
of hearts that for weeks to come the French
class and the riding school would re-echo with
vivid descriptions and girlish raptures—attitudes
and smiles clearly reproduced to a kind-
red audience; an unsolicited and powerful
heralding, more potent than the most eccen-
tric manoeuvre of the wildest manager or the
unique and telling advertisement veiled in
the journalist's pretended condemnation, all
destined alike to increase the "rush" at the
box-office.

Play if ye will, all ye actors, men and
women, to the educated theatregoer, the first
nighter, the gentlemen of the press in the
aisle seats, or the relentless critic, who
crushes where he lights; but for unadulterated,
enthusiastic appreciation that will greet your
good-moments as glimpses of a divine and
heaven-sent genius, that will glory in your
mediocrity, and blind itself to your faults—
play to the Matinee Girl.

A STAGE PICTURE.

A baby stands in the centre of the stage.
The curtain is down and on the other side
the orchestra is scraping away at a waltz.

On this side the curtain the picture for the
rise is almost formed.

The baby's father had carried her about
all the evening while at his work. When he
left her in the wings a moment she trotted
solemnly onto the open stage, and appeared
among the painted lords and dukes.

Such a tiny thing! with a pale little face,
big gray eyes and a demure, golden-red bang.
Her wee red mouth trembled as she came to
a stand.

"Faid!" said she, with true feminine
pathos and instinctive appeal to masculine
protection.

Of course we all hear that actors are rather
wild devils most of them—home isn't sacred
and all that, and the stage is a hothouse any-
how, and the finer instincts, especially the
domestic instincts, kind of wither and so on.
Still, the lords rushed to the baby's rescue to
a man, and having scared her to death by the
suddenness of their attention fell into an elabo-
rate display of caution to secure her confidence.
The duke thought his crown might catch her,
but—woman-like, after all—she preferred
Bassanio's sword. Shylock's wild beard
struck terror to her soul, but when Shylock
executed some wonderful steps in time to the
waltz the little maid decided he wasn't so
bad after all, and even gravely lifted her
white dress to follow his dance with her little,
unsteady, slippered feet.

Maybe flinging trunks isn't exactly the
jolliest occupation in the world, or shifting
scenes or swearing at supes; but the baby's
father wouldn't have changed off with any-
body just then.

The curtain went up a bit late—the baby
couldn't be hurried, you know—but the
audience did not see as pretty a picture as the
one just dissolved.

The one in which a grave-eyed baby danced
in the Venetian court with the duke and
lords for admirers and Old Shylock himself
for a partner. E. V. S.

While it should not be called a disappoint-
ing feature of the revival, it is nevertheless a
fact that the scenery of the first act of The
Old Homestead, when that piece was pro-
duced at the Academy of Music last Fall, did
not come up to expectations. It was realistic
to a degree, but the long stretch of green
pasture unrelieved by the slightest color was
not pleasing to the eye. This defect will be
remedied when the play goes on for the second
season. New scenery is being painted for the
first act, which, while not doing away with
the realism of the scene, will add to its
beauty.

THEATRICAL "TRUSTS."

There are many abuses that the theatrical profession suffer from, but few are so flagrant and so unnecessary as that which is connected with the management of so-called "circuits." The profession—or at least a large portion of it—is well aware of the many injustices perpetrated by the shrewd men who lease one or two theatres in a certain important section of a State and thereby obtain control of the entire district, but as yet they seem unable to prevent them.

The circuits or theatrical "trusts" of this country at the present moment are perhaps ten in number—no more—and with few exceptions the same abuses are rife in them all. With the controllers of these circuits it is not a question of fairness toward the combination manager—nothing but greed enters into their calculations, and they look upon those with whom they come into contact as helpless prey.

As a rule the circuit manager leases a theatre which is either taboored by the citizens of the town in which it is placed, or else is situated in a town that is not good for show purposes, and with a number of other theatres, for whose managers he figures as a representative, to act as a leverage, he gets to work. If the company with which he is dealing refuses to play at the theatre he himself leases, he will manage to keep it out of the other theatres that he controls. This he does without unnecessarily revealing his autocratic power or the motive behind it. He simply looks up his books and informs the combination manager that the date desired in the town in the very heart of the circuit is already filled.

One of the managers in question leaves a house in this city not a thousand miles from here, to which no one goes. The citizens of the city, recognizing the fact that a suitable theatre was needed, built one for themselves at an enormous expense. This manager controlled the houses of four other towns, the one in the principal town of the four being also leased by him. When a combination manager wanted to book a show, the gentleman in question offered any of the towns at the combinations' own terms, except the two in which he was interested. If the combination manager thought himself entitled to seventy per cent. for the principal cities and eighty per cent. for the others, the circuit manager would offer as a compromise sixty per cent. for his two theatres and eighty-five per cent. for the others. In this way not alone the combinations but the country managers who believed their houses were well represented by being in the circuit were injured. On the other hand, if the combination refused to play at the manager's own houses, his route was generally blocked in the manner stated, and he had no alternative but to turn about and go somewhere else.

A certain Southern manager exacts big terms for three large cities in which he leases theatres. If these are acceded to the combination has the rest of a remarkably large and fine State entirely at his own terms, although several theatres in the commonwealth have larger expenses than those of the three principal cities.

Another well-known manager exacts larger terms for his theatre than do several other cities, in spite of the fact that his books would show that his business was not within twenty per cent. of that of the towns in question.

Still another scheme is for the circuit managers to work hand-in-glove with some large railroad. Then the manager to prevent the combination from booking in a sequestered way, as it naturally would, arranges instead a route that sends the company out of its course to benefit the railroad.

But by far the greatest evil of all is that the circuit manager is a "limited agency." Occasionally the manager of a theatre represented in the circuit objects to a combination or its terms, alleging that he was not consulted in the booking, and so the company is left to shift for itself. The law is a slow remedy, and, as a rule, combinations have no time to fight for their rights. The local managers, too, have much to complain of. The system is wrong from beginning to end. It is obvious that no man who leaves a theatre should represent other theatres, as he is bound to discriminate in favor of his own house.

For the purpose of sifting this matter to the bottom, a Minox representative recently interviewed a number of theatrical agents and combination managers.

Charles Frohman was found at his office uptown. Mr. Frohman said:

"As far as my experience goes there are no circuit managers controlling more than one house who refuse to give time to an attraction that will not play at all their houses. When we offer a strong attraction they will always play in the house we want. However, the reason is very simple. It is because we handle only the best attractions, and I say that without egotism or the slightest desire to puff the agents. These circuit managers are in the business to make money, and I have never known them to let a strong

drawing card go at one house when, after some argument, they found they could not get it through the circuit.

"In cases where the attraction is not so strong they are perfectly willing not to bother giving time unless it is taken all around. For instance, we play with F. F. Proctor this season at Hartford. He will have a New Haven house next season. Yet, for all that, he does not refuse to book the attraction which is strong in Hartford, because we play at the Hyperion, which is his opposition in New Haven, and we find it the same throughout. The system of abuses of which you speak has never affected us in the matter of securing time.

"We ask terms according to the value of the towns and we generally get what we ask, because if we don't we simply refuse to play. I have never offered managers even a fair attraction, because we won't handle that kind. The whole trouble is that offices claiming to represent attractions will take a cheaper grade because the attractions offer these agencies large sums to look for them. The weaker the attraction the more it is ready to pay. In our booking department we find that the theatre and an attraction cannot both be represented. Consequently we turn away a number of attractions constantly simply because we do not feel their value or strength to the managers, and we will not accept any pay for looking after their route.

"As I said before, any attraction that I may be interested in, I can book in any one city without binding myself to cover a circuit, but I know that the smaller attractions do suffer because they are compelled to make about the same terms in Troy as they would in Brooklyn. The trouble with managers of many attractions is that they are not capable and that they do not have capable people to book their route. They are consequently at the mercy of the agencies, and an agent who has thirty or forty routes to book cannot give those routes the attention that the man who has but one to make out. Naturally, then, the manager, the backer and the actor suffer. The route jumps them from Kalamazoo to Oil City, Pa., and in the middle of the season, despite the fact that they have been doing a fair average business, they are bound to close, while the capable manager, who books for himself, may do a business not a dollar greater, and yet remain out all the season."

A. L. Erlanger, of Klaw and Erlanger, said:

"Regarding the circuits, we are fortunate in representing the principal stars of the country, as Joseph Jefferson, Fanny Davenport, Sol Smith Russell, J. K. Emmet, Roland Reed, and others. Of course, these attractions would not allow themselves to be made subservient to any circuit.

"We prefer to wait till we have heard what other people have to say. We stand ready, if requested, to furnish you facts and proofs of the evils and dishonesty that exists in some circuits."

W. W. Randall was busy at his agency when The Minox reporter called and expressed a desire to obtain his views on the abuses connected with the management of circuits.

"So far as I know there are no abuses existing," said Mr. Randall. "The manager of a circuit is not going to dictate to the manager of a strong company whether he shall play in one of the towns of his circuit or whether he shall play in all. That is my opinion, and I have had more experience in the last three years than anyone in the booking business.

"If a circuit manager assumes that he can dictate as to what terms a traveling manager shall get or that the manager shall play at all of his houses or none, he is really controlling a theatrical trust. There may have been such transactions in the past, but I do not know of any, and I look upon the circuit manager as a benefit to the traveling manager. Probably no manager has a larger circuit in this country than George A. Dickinson, of Indianapolis, who virtually controls Indiana. I represent him here and I have always found him ready and willing to book an attraction, if he would accept it at all, in one or in all of his houses. Of course he preferred, as all managers do, to have the attraction play in all. The same is true of L. M. Crawford, of Kansas, and Greenwall and Son, of Texas. These three men have the three largest circuits in the United States.

"Playing theatrical circuits is like buying goods at wholesale. You will get better terms by playing twelve towns under the management of one man than by playing the same towns under the management of twelve men. That has always been the inducement held out by the circuit manager, and my opinion is that their conduct of their business is generally straight and correct."

Fred G. Berger, manager of Sol Smith Russell, is of opinion that there is very little of the abuses mentioned going on.

"I have been doing business with all the circuits for many years," said Mr. Berger, "and I am quite a little interested, not alone as a combination manager but as a theatre manager, as I am concerned in a house at

Grand Rapids, Mich., that is in the Michigan circuit. I do business with the circuit managers every year and I generally select the town I want and have no trouble whatever in booking Mr. Russell in them. However, I don't know that they treat everyone else the same as they do me, for Mr. Russell is a very strong attraction."

W. O. Wheeler, manager of Daniel Sully, was seen at Klaw and Erlanger's.

"I have never had any unpleasant experiences with the circuit managers," he said, "and have always been able to select the towns that I wanted. To my recollection I never knew of any manager having dictated to me where I should play, or trying to influence my routing in any but a legitimate way."

SOL SMITH RUSSELL'S SUCCESS.

Fred G. Berger is a hard-working, thoroughly capable, unpretentious manager. His pride in the success of his star, Sol Smith Russell, in Ed. Kipper's new play, A Poor Relation, is pardonable and laudable, for it is that kind of pride that does not go before a fall. On last Monday he passed through this city on his way to Philadelphia, but not before a ubiquitous Minox reporter met him.

"We are having a remarkable season," said Mr. Berger. "We played at the Park Theatre, Boston, last week, to the capacity of the house, and at the Saturday matinee and night we turned hundreds away. The new play seems to have made a specially strong impression on the Boston theatregoing public. In fact that is the story all over, and we are doubling our time in all the theatres so that Mr. Russell will appear very little outside of the larger cities next season. You have no idea of the mountain of mail I receive daily from applicants for time from the smaller cities and one-night stands. But of course we have to refuse them all.

"There is hardly any need, I suppose, of my telling you of Mr. Russell's popularity in the smaller towns. We always did big business in them and in fact I think I can say that Mr. Russell has done the largest business of any star in that class of cities. However, he has done an enormous amount of travel during the past twenty years and when we have an attraction that entertains the large cities it would be extremely foolish for him not to take advantage of it.

"After this week at Philadelphia we go direct to New Orleans, and from there to California where we play two weeks at the Baldwin. Then we return by the Northern Pacific Railroad, closing our season May 4 with the second engagement at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. We open our next season at Daly's Theatre in this city in September for a run of four or five weeks, and next season we shall carry all our own scenery, furniture, draperies and properties, while the company will not be excelled by any organization in the country. Mr. Russell will enjoy the Summer in Europe while I shall spend my vacation at my home in Grand Rapids, Mich., looking after my interests there."

"Is there any truth in the story that a vein of coal was discovered at Mr. Russell's home?"

"I don't think so. The only rich vein I know anything of is the one Mr. Russell has discovered in his new play."

LEWIS MORRISON'S FAUST.

Edward J. Abraham, the manager of Lewis Morrison's spectacular production of Faust, was in the city the other day just long enough to tell a Minox representative of the wonderful success of his star and company.

"Next week we come to Philadelphia. We are now negotiating for an appearance in this city. The success that has attended it since we started out has been remarkable. We have won on our merits, and we are proud of that fact."

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Behind the scenes, while music's strain,
Softens and dies, then sounds again,
The panting dancer bounds and turns
To brush away a tear, that burns
Across her cheek, where lime light's glare
Cast kindly shadows of her hair,
For here, there is no need to feign,
Behind the scenes.

That old song thro' the dance's maze
Brought memories of other days,
And bending in the footlight's glow,
She lived again—in long ago.
Dimly she felt the fragrance sweet
Of roses falling at her feet,
But saw them thro' a tearful haze.

The dance again! Now, one—two—three!
She leaves that drift of memory—
And circling in the perfumed light,
Flashes once more, a vision bright!
For oft we play a double part
While smiling eyes with tear-drops start;
And listening to an old-time strain
We hear forgotten tones again.
But hearts must break, where none may see,
Behind the scenes!

KITTIE K.

IN THE COURTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND TO BE DISSOLVED.
The effort made on the part of Fanny Davenport to prevent the dissolution of the American Dramatic Fund Association, with a view to having its accumulated funds merged into the treasury of the Actors' Fund of America, has been unsuccessful. Judge Patterson of the Supreme Court has confirmed the report of Referee C. W. West in favor of the dissolution of the association, and has appointed S. L. M. Barlow receiver to wind up its affairs.

The American Dramatic Fund Association was organized about forty years ago and has in its treasury about \$25,000. There are but twenty-five subscribing members left. All the seventy-two members and beneficiaries at first agreed to the proposed dissolution, but Miss Davenport withdrew her assent in the hope that the money might be united with those of the Actors' Fund. The referee found that continued corporate existence would fail to benefit anyone interested as a member, annuitant or beneficiary, and recommended that a dissolution be decreed under the terms of a plan which had been submitted to all the parties in interest for the distribution of the funds.

Judge Patterson agrees with the referee. The court, the judge said, had no power to compel the consolidation or amalgamation of the two associations.

The judge holds that the fact that a scheme for the distribution of the funds of the association has been arranged is no ground for a refusal of the application for dissolution, and similarly disposes of all other objections.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Modern foreign travel has been divested of many of the annoyances and delays that were incidental to the loss of letters of credit, breaking of banks, and other difficulties and inconveniences inseparable from the old system of international financial exchange. The system known as the Cheque Bank Cheque suggested itself seventeen years ago to some leading bankers and brokers in London, where the Cheque Bank was established at that time, and now has agencies all over the world. The agency for the United States is conducted by E. J. Mathews & Co., in the United Bank Building, Wall Street and Broadway. These cheques are taken as cash by the British Government offices, steamship companies, railway companies, telegraph and cable companies and by all the principal hotels and stores in foreign countries. The cheques are drawn from one point upwards to any amount. The Cheque Bank does not transact any speculative business; its capital is invested solely in government securities, and it has a guarantee fund of fifty per cent. of its capital invested in British Government annuities and Bank of England stock. The American Agency has the highest references both here and in London. The holders of these cheques can have their mail matter addressed to them care of the Cheque Bank London, who will take charge of it and forward it to any place that one may intend to visit.

Lewis Morrison's production of Faust and impersonation of Mephisto have received flattering commendation from these managers: Al Hayman, Charles H. Hoyt, Daniel Shelby, P. H. Lehen, David Bidwell, George A. Dickinson, John R. Pierce and Frank Gray. Mr. Morrison has a few open weeks this season after March 4 for first-class high-priced theatres only. Applications will be received by Manager Edward J. Abraham, care Hermann's Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

The Richmond Theatre, at Richmond, Va., owned and managed by Mrs. W. T. Powell, is now in its twenty-fifth season, and is said to be the leading high-class theatre in that city. This house books only the leading combinations on the road, and all the principal attractions have booked for this season. Applications for open time for balance of the season will be received by Klaw and Erlanger, Gustave Frohman, or Mrs. W. T. Powell at the theatre.

Grace Sherwood, the leading soubrette and ingenue with the Dalys, has made a pronounced success with that combination.

The Du Bois Opera House at Du Bois, Pa., is said to be the best one-night stand in the State. Applications for open time will be received by Manager E. B. Nettleton of the Du Bois, or by Klaw and Erlanger.

Manager J. T. Mallory, of the Stokes Opera House at Durham, N. C., wants good attractions to fill open time after Feb. 1.

Ada Dyas relinquished her second season's engagement with A. M. Palmer's Jim the Penman company (Western) on Feb. 3, on account of the exigencies of too constant travel. Miss Dyas is now at liberty for engagements in New York or Eastern cities. She is resting at Ledgewood, Norwalk, Conn.

Edwin Boyle, recently with the James-Wainwright company, is disengaged.

Pauline Willard is reported to have secured a distinct success as Angelica Damask in A Night Off company.

Frita Williams is highly spoken of for his eccentric character work in Arthur Rohan's Comedy co.

George H. Adams, in Ha, She, Him and Her, is said to be the best clown on the stage to-day.

My Husband company, headed by Florence Hamilton, is reported to be doing splendid business in the West.

LETTER LIST.

The following letters entail their errors at this office. They will be delivered or forwarded on personal or written application. Letters advertised for 30 days and unclaimed will be returned to the post-office. Circulators and newspapers excluded from this list.

Ayling, Henry	Hunt, Lizzie	Owen, Walter
Andrews, Daisy	Hunt, W. S.	O'Neill, Jas.
Arwood, C. E.	Hunt, Geo.	O'Neill, Ed.
Atkins, Lucile	Hopper, DeWolf	Phymont, Eben
Anderson, Hattie	Hayden, W. E.	Post, E. M.
Bakley, Chas.	Haworth, W. E.	Preham, Fred
Baker, Hazel	Hamilton, Florence	Prentiss, Edith
Balfour, G. C.	Hawthorne, Wm.	Power, Tyrone
Bingham, Marie	Hartman, Ferris	Perry, C. L. K.
Burdette, R. J.	Hartman, M. H.	Premore, E. S.
Brown, Wah	Helen, C. D.	Rand Lost's Bureau
Bussell, Mr. R.	Hill, John	Reed, J. W.
Boyle, Anna	Hill, O'Kane	Pull, J. B.
Wisher, C.	Holmes, Raymond	Perry, Isabel
Batchelder, F.	Harris, W. F.	Rhodes, C.
Babcock, H. D.	Howley, George	Rhodes, Stuart
Byrd, Raymond	Hall, Jessie	Russell, Fred
Brien, J. F.	Hill, Barton	Russell, Harold
Byrte, Helen	Hill, Lillian	Russell, Stuart
Bourne, Miss	Herbert, Amelia	Raymond, C. T.
Braden, E. A.	Hall, J. C.	Rice, E. E.
Brown, H. W.	Hendley, E. J.	Sanson, Jessie
Burns, Mark	Irving, F. M.	Schmitt, A.
Burns, J. W. R.	Jackson, W. E.	Sears, J. A.
Blanchard, G. A.	Johnson, Carroll	Sevens, J. A.
Clement, Clay	Jarboe, V.	Smith, E. P.
Chassett, Jules	Johnson, G. A. D.	Smith, E. P.
Collins, Edmund	John, Harvey	Schupbacher
Carter, Agnes	Jellison, Ida	Sheppard, Joseph
Courtney, Edna	Jones, Geo. W.	Spaulding, Frank
Clifford, C. W.	Jones, J. D.	"Shenandoah" Co.
Carroll, J. W.	Kearney, J. C.	Shenandoah, Augusta
Casper, George S.	Kline, Frank	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Cody, W. P.	Kendall, Frankie	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Calhoun, K.	Kennedy, R. G.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Coffin, Harry	Kennedy, Harry	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Cohen, Fanny	Kruger, Lawrence	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Coll, Marie	Lawrence, Atkins	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Chandran, H.	Leah, Matt	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Chapman, E.	Leach, Stephen	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Chapman, A. G.	Lincoln, Frank	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Cooper, W. C.	Leah, Matt	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Clark, E.	Long, Wm.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Childs, Nat	Lawson, Geo. F.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Carhart, J. I.	Lamar, W. E.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Clark, H. C.	Lee, Adie	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Dempsey, L.	Lawson, Wm. E.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Daniels, M. E.	Le Brant, Jos.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Deppes, H.	Lawrence, F.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Davenport, Mary	Laine, J. H.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Darham, Sidney	Lynch, T. J.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Davis, S. B.	Long, T. J.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Daniels, Carrie	Meyer, Geo.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Dillon, R. J.	Morris and Rice	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Dare, T. S.	Morris, Chas.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
De Bar, Blanche	Martin, Geo.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Doran, Madge	Moss, A. I.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
D'Arcy, H. A.	Mignani Bros.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
De Sauls, G.	Melville, B. V.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Eyre, Sophie	Mortimer, J. W.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Emerson, Harry	Mills, Geo. C.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Egan, Louise	McComack, Lou	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Eagle, Mr.	Montard, Anna	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Elliot, Wm. T.	Marbourg, Doreen	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Ellis, Celia	McConnell, W. A.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Ellis, S. R.	McDow, Dudley	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Frier, J. E.	McDowell, Leigh	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Fernon, J. I.	McKee, J. H.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Fenton, J. B.	Mayo, Frank	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
French, Jennie E.	Neall, W. H.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Furrier, Jennie E.	Nealon, W. H.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Fox, Hugh	Norton, J. W.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Faust, Owen	Newman, John	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Flynn, W. I.	Nicol, Joseph E.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Gray, Alice	O'Neill, J. H.	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
George, Grace	On the Thomas	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Gilpin, E. F.	(Mr.)	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Graham, Ben	Osburn, Rose	Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Gutherson, W. F.		Shenandoah, Geo. L.
Gardner, C. A.		Shenandoah, Geo. L.

Are You Insured Against Accidents?

A PROFESSIONAL CARD IN
THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR

GIVES YOU A

\$5,000 Accident Policy Free.

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR has made arrangements to present to every professional who inserts a card of ten lines or more in its advertising columns at its regular rates for a period of six months or one year a policy, paid up in full for the term the card runs, in the

Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York.

This policy pays:

\$5,000 Death by Accident.
\$5,000 Loss of Hands or Feet.
\$5,000 Loss of Hand and Foot.
\$2,500 Loss of Hand or Foot.

\$2,500 Loss of Both Eyes.
\$2,500 Permanent Total Disability.
\$650 Loss of One Eye.
\$25 Per Week, Temporary Total Disability, for 52 Weeks.

We charge no more for this than for our ordinary professional card rates. We pay for your insurance policy, which costs you nothing.

The insurance may be secured under the following

CONDITIONS.

1. Your card must occupy a space of TEN lines or more.
2. It must be ordered for six months or one year.
3. Payment in full for the entire term must be made in advance.
4. The questions in the regular blank application for membership, which we shall send on request, must be answered truthfully, signed and forwarded to us simultaneously with the advertising copy and remittance.
5. On complying with these conditions we will at once obtain from the

Preferred Mutual Accident Association your policy of insurance and forward it immediately to you. It will cover the term of your advertisement, and you will incur no further expense.

RATES FOR PROFESSIONAL CARDS

WITH A \$5,000 POLICY FREE.

10 lines, 6 Months (26 insertions)	20 lines, 6 Months (26 insertions)	30 lines, 6 Months (26 insertions)	40 lines, 6 Months (26 insertions)	One Year (52 insertions)
\$30;	\$40;	\$50;	\$60;	\$40.
15 " " " " " "	20 " " " " " "	25 " " " " " "	30 " " " " " "	60.
20 " " " " " "	25 " " " " " "	30 " " " " " "	35 " " " " " "	80.
25 " " " " " "	30 " " " " " "	35 " " " " " "	40 " " " " " "	100.
30 " " " " " "	35 " " " " " "	40 " " " " " "	45 " " " " " "	120.
40 " " " " " "	45 " " " " " "	50 " " " " " "	55 " " " " " "	160.

No card of less than 10 lines or more than 40 lines will be accepted on this plan. The matter in these cards will be changed as often as desired by the advertiser without extra cost. This arrangement is devised solely for the benefit of professional card advertisers in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, and they will be extended to no other class.

By the terms of the agreement especially entered into with THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, by the Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York, we have acquired the exclusive right to procure insurance for advertisers, and no other newspaper can effect a similar arrangement during its continuance. Also by stipulation no member of the theatrical profession can secure insurance in that Association except through the medium of the offer made by us.

Money can be safely sent by cheque, post-office order, express money order or registered letter. Address, THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR, 145 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Read the Following Carefully:

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR takes pleasure in announcing its plan for the free insurance against accident of professionals placing cards in its advertising columns. The arrangement is not only a complete novelty, indicative of the enterprising spirit of the representative American theatrical journal, but it possesses obvious mutual advantages and places within the grasp of every person connected with the stage a provident and necessary safeguard, at no expenditure beyond the payment, at moderate rates, for a small advertisement.

Having conceived the idea of insuring advertisers, we made a careful examination of the soundness and relative advantages of the several accident associations incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The preferred Mutual Accident Association seemed to possess the best recommendations and we accordingly entered into an arrangement with it by which policies of insurance are given to our professional card advertisers, THE DRAMATIC MIRROR paying for each one when it is issued in full for the term the advertisement is ordered to be inserted.

ADVANTAGES OF THE PREFERRED MUTUAL.

1. The strength, reliability and soundness of a mutual accident association depends entirely upon the character of its members, their liability to accidental injury and their appreciation of the protection afforded.
2. The Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York was first to recognize the importance of and to adopt the common sense plan of insuring preferred or selected risks only, thereby reducing its losses and assuring a high moral standard among its members.
3. As a reward for its carefulness and conservatism, in less than three years 23,000 business men and women have endorsed the Preferred Mutual and taken out policies in it.
4. It has fulfilled every promise to its patrons, and has paid promptly, liberally and fully, without litigation, all valid claims.

5. It has written, in New York city where its home office is located, more new business than all other mutual accident associations combined.

6. Under its certificates it is not necessary that the accidental injury shall occur while the insured is engaged in the occupation noted in the application for membership to receive full benefits, as all accidents occurring in occupations commonly classed as preferred by accident companies are covered.

7. While most other companies in the event of serious accidental injury stop the payment of indemnity at the end of twenty-six weeks, the Preferred Mutual continues the same for fifty-two weeks.

8. Its certificates are free from "loopholes" that might lead to misunderstandings.

9. It has never spent a dollar of its members' money in advertising, relying for worthy publicity solely upon the honorable treatment accorded its patrons.

10. Its affairs are managed by sound responsible business men of irreproachable standing in the commercial circles of this community.

STATUS OF THE PREFERRED MUTUAL.

The Association is managed by the following gentlemen:—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

PHINEAS C. LOUNSBURY, ex-Governor of Connecticut.
HENRY N. WHITNEY, Kissam, Whitney & Co., Bankers, 11 Broad Street, New York.
ALLEN S. APGAR, Cashier Merchants' Exchange National Bank, 257 Broadway, New York.
CHAS. D. SPENCER, of H. B. Claflin & Co., New York.
HENRY L. COE, late Secretary of the Manhattan Brass Co., New York.
KIMBALL C. ATWOOD, Secretary, 257 Broadway, New York.
JOHN L. CHILDS, Treasurer, 257 Broadway, New York.
CHAS. F. KETCHAM, of C. F. Ketcham & Co., 27 Nassau Street, New York.
WILLIAM WESTLAKE, of Adams & Westlake Manufacturing Co., Railroad Supplies, New York and Chicago.

The last annual report of the Association showed the following condition of its affairs:

Insurance in force	\$5,420,000
Claims due and unpaid—None.	
Policies written since date of organization	23,000
Assets, Dec. 31, 1900	\$70,000
Liabilities	70,000
Surplus	\$60,000

MORAL: Prudent People Provide Preferred Protection.

NATURE OF THE DRAMATIC MIRROR'S AGREEMENT WITH THE PREFERRED MUTUAL.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR is solely empowered to obtain insurance in this Association for Members of the Profession, and they can only procure it by means of the offer it makes. The Mutual Preferred will insure professionals in no other way and will enter into no similar arrangement with other journals.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR makes no charge beyond the regular cost of the advertisement. It pays the Association in full for the policy during the time the advertisement runs.

The Association pays on account of each of these policies \$5,000 in case of death by accident; \$5,000 for loss of hands or feet; \$5,000 for loss of hand and foot; \$2,500 for loss of hand or foot; \$2,500 for loss of both eyes; \$2,500 for permanent total disability; \$650 for loss of one eye; \$25 per week for temporary total disability for fifty-two weeks.

The Association has always paid honest claims promptly and in full.

John T. Raymond was a policy-holder up to the time of his death, and Stuart Robson now has a \$10,000 policy in this Association.

The policy that we give free to those inserting professional cards costs other insurers \$14 for six months and \$17 for one year. They can save this amount and secure the benefits of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR's wide circulation for a ten line advertisement costing \$30 for six months or \$40 for one year.

REASONS WHY EVERY PROFESSIONAL SHOULD INSURE.

Accidental disabling injuries are common to all humanity, but actors, actresses, managers and agents, the majority of whom are

travelers the greater portion of each year, are especially exposed to them. There is no protection against these dangers. Unexpected injuries may be received on railway trains, in the streets, behind the scenes—almost anywhere. While they cannot be avoided professionals can at least secure indemnity for loss of salary, time, and the expenses incurred by physician's services and enforced idleness by a secure accident policy.

WHAT IS A DISABLING INJURY?

There is a prevailing idea that in order to derive the benefit of accident insurance a policy-holder must be so seriously disabled as to be confined to his or her bed. This is an error. Few of the many claims against casualty companies are based on such serious disability. Of course a policy-holder must be unable to perform the regular duties of the occupation under which he or she is insured.

WHAT THE PREFERRED MUTUAL INSURES AGAINST.

It protects you while riding or walking, at home or abroad; on the stage, in the dressing-room, on the cars, at the depot.

Its policies cover death or disabling injuries received by hotel fires or theatre holocausts; railroad and steamboat casualties; slippery sidewalks and crossings; the lurking banana peel; runaway horses; careless drivers; explosions; electric wires; falling signs; accidental discharge of firearms; burns, bruises, broken heads or limbs; bites, scalds and the thousand and one unexpected accidents which are as likely to happen as not to anybody.

Accident insurance is no longer considered a luxury. It is regarded as a necessity by all thoughtful and provident people. About ninety per cent. of the commercial travelers in this country carry accident policies, and eight of these in every hundred are estimated to receive disabling injuries every year.

Up to the present time the Preferred Mutual has been specially patronized by the profession. It has more theatrical policy-holders than all the other accident companies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

The second week of the Booth-Barrett combined Saturday night, the Merchant of Venice having its last performance during the engagement. Too much cannot be said of the splendid manner in which the piece was staged. It was, in fact, the most elaborate presentation of the piece ever given in this city. It has been the fashion to compare everything in the way of American stage setting with that of Mr. Irving, and always to the disadvantage of the former; but Mr. Irving brought nothing to this country in the way of scenery better than that which formed the background for the action of The Merchant of Venice. The opening scene, which showed the Place of St. Mark, with the Doge's palace on the right and the quay with its shipping and gondolas at the left, was superb. Equally striking and beautiful were the scenes which showed the house of Shylock and Portia's house at Belmont, the latter with its domed ceiling of delicately colored marble, its satin hangings, and its alcoves filled with plants. The piece was richly and appropriately costumed. There was no change in the cast during the week, Mr. Booth playing Shylock and Mr. Barrett Bassanio at each performance. There was little to complain of in the acting. The lack of experience and capacity of the minor characters had the effect of slightly dampening the enjoyment of the play for the more critical in the audience. Monday night, Feb. 4, Julius Caesar was put upon the stage in an equally magnificent manner. It will have three representations, and will be succeeded by Hamlet, which will fill out the week.

Jocelyn, last week's attraction at the Globe, made a decided hit, and could easily have made a month's run at other arrangements had not interfered. It is a melodrama of the better kind, and contains some remarkably telling situations. Miss Coghlan played her part with spirit, tempered by judgment, and was very ably supported by Mr. Lockyer as Savani, James E. Wilson as Gaston Morel, and Mrs. Watson as Mrs. de Montaigne.

Johnson and Crane in their joint capacity have said good-bye to the Boston stage—a word that has caused general regret among the playgoers of this city. They know their business best, of course, and knowing it, have doubtless acted for the best in separating. Whether they have quarreled or not is a matter with which the public has nothing to do. That statement, which has appeared at intervals during the past year, is vehemently denied by both, and everybody will be glad to believe the denial.

Thomas W. Keane opened at the Hollis Monday night in Richard III. Sweet Lavender goes on and on and on at the Museum, and one would imagine that by this time everybody had seen it. But evidently everybody hasn't, for the houses are as good now as during the first week.

The realistic border drama, Nobody's Claim, had an excellent run last week at the Grand Opera House. This week the stage is held by H. C. Miner's co. in the spectacular play, Zita, which was brought out here last May and proved one of the greatest successes of the season. It is specially commended, with special scenery and strong stage effects.

Rosina Vokes opened at the Park Monday evening.

CHICAGO.

Mary Anderson opened in The Winter's Tale at McVicker's to an overflowing house, and the audience welcomed the actress with a burst of applause that lasted several minutes. The play was admirably presented, and Miss Anderson in the dual role of Hermione and Perdita gave frequent evidence of true advancement in her art. J. G. Taylor and Mr. Barnes rendered fine support. There was an excellent turnout in the bill during the engagement excepting possibly on Saturday, when Lady of Lyons will be given.

A Brass Monkey scored a great hit at Hooley's. The house was crowded every night, and the pranks of the co. kept everybody laughing. Decidedly the best people in the cast are Tim Murphy as Dodge Work, and Messrs. Olin Harkin and W. F. Mack as Mr. Barnes and Mr. Taylor. The same bill this week.

Among the Pines, a new drama representing backwoods life in Maine, met with slight favor at the Columbia. It is a rather weak copy of the conventional Western drama and its sensation features nothing new. The co. is somewhat uneven, Atkins Lawrence being the best. This week Kate Claxton in The World Against Her.

At Baker's Hattie Irving in the Mystery of Hans Cab drew fair audiences. This week My Genialies.

The Fairy's Well, a refreshing Irish play by Con T. Murphy, met with great favor at the Haymarket. Power's co. presented it in capital style and it ought to be a success everywhere. This week Monte Cristo.

Jacobs' Academy had N. S. Wood in his sensation drama, Wealth of New York, and it proved a good card. This week Roubin Glas.

John A. Stevens in Unknown had a good week at the Sun. This week The Two Vagabonds and a scandalous co.

Pauline's Slave had a prosperous week at the Western. This week Her Golden.

Lillian's London drew excellent houses to the Criterion. This week Her Drifting Apart.

Little Tich, the eccentric dancer of The Crystal Slipper co., was married to Laurie Brooks, one of the corymbes, last week. The little man had danced his way into popularity and his brave deed in taking a wife was rewarded by a storm of applause when he appeared with her on the stage the next night.

CINCINNATI.

The collapse at Cleveland, Jan. 24, of the Kallio Opera co., which had been booked at Huch's for a week of a, placed Manager Pannoy in a rather unenviable position. Fortunately, however, Levin Shuman, who had been engaged for two weeks, and who had an open week, and Manager Pannoy secured Miss Shuman for the entire week. Lady Audrey's Secret and Jane Eyre formed the repertoire for the engagement. Miss Shuman, who has a beautiful youth and beauty in her favor, gave an exceptionally striking portrayal of the role of Lady Audrey. The support, aside from W. T. Shuman and Miss Shuman, was only mediocre and seriously handicapped the star's effective work. Gillette's She co. this week, followed by A Brass Monkey.

At the Grand Jim the Pannoy attracted a series of large audiences, the matinee attendance being phenomenally heavy. Ada Dyes was awarded a night's round, and Whiting's portrayal of this role was a feature of the program. This week Corn Tannen in The Waits of New York.

The Shadows of a Great City, last week's attraction at Huch's, scored a decided success, both financially and artistically. Annie Ward Tiffany's Biddy Brown and George E. Edson's Jim Farrow were nightly encores. The piece itself was handsomely staged and effectively cast. This week Josephine in Kerry Gow. Two Old Crusades.

Mrs. W. G. Jones in the role of Mother Shipton in Romney Rye at Harris' last week proved herself an artist beyond the average. The cast embraced Charles T. Nichols, Helen Ottelengut, James L. Edwards and John H. Bunney. The play was satisfactorily mounted. This week Charlotte Thompson.

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management will discard low-priced attractions and will reopen the house as a first-class theatre in every respect.—Business Manager Avery, Kohl and Middleton's Cincinnati representative, who has been ill for several weeks, left for Chicago on a brief visit at—Manager Turner's benefit at the Standard 27 was well attended.—Now that the Chamber of Commerce people have finally vacated Pike's Opera House, after a six years' occupancy, the question of another Cincinnati amusement resort will be seriously discussed by the proprietors of that building.

PHILADELPHIA.

There was no dramatic event of great importance last week, nevertheless business continued good.

At Herrmann's Broad Street Theatre W. J. Comley's Comic Opera co. afforded us a novelty by the production of A Royal Tramp. Unfortunately, it was not a success. This opera has been reviewed in *extenso* in these columns.

Another novelty was the presentation by Maggie Mitchell of her new play Ray, at the Walnut Street Theatre. I am glad that in this case I can bestow almost unqualified praise. The play in itself is worthy of considerable praise, but its chief merit is that it is so thoroughly adapted to the needs of this most excellent of all comedies. This is too late we can never cease to admire her acting throughout its wide and unusual range, nor to be thankful that time has dealt gently with her. Miss Mitchell has excellent support and played to crowded houses. This week The London Gaiety Burlesque co.

At the Academy of Music the Boston Ideals played to excellent business. Their repertoire was well chosen and the performances, if not excellent, were at least enjoyable. The only novelty of the week was Maude's Queen Topaz, which made a most favorable impression, having proved to be musically at least, a work of unusual merit. The co. was prodigious of prima donna, but somewhat uneven in other respects. Zella De Lussan and Pauline L'Allemant as usual found many admirers, and Georgia Janachowsky received a liberal share of commendation.

E. H. Sothern continued to present Lord Chumley to crowded houses at the Chestnut Street Theatre and to win undying laurels. He has richly deserved his success, and the more critically we survey his acting the more do we appreciate its artistic finish. This week The Still Alarm.

At the Chestnut Street Opera House the McCall Opera co. gave a very good performance of Patience. Col. McCall admirably stages all of his productions, and this was certainly no exception to the rule. The scenery and costumes were alike remarkably handsome. The opera was well cast, and the choruses, as usual, well drilled and well balanced. De Wolf Hopper is certainly not my ideal comic, but he certainly played in extension that his buoyancy is in response to popular demand. Among the principals I must certainly give most credit to Digby Bell, whose Janet Pasha was the best of his recent performances. The other principals were entitled to commendation, and the entire production was received with much favor, and secured good business all the week. Patience will be repeated this week.

Said Pasha continued its successful run at the Grand Opera House. It has now entered upon its last week here, for the present, and some important changes have been made not only in the libretto but in the cast. Of these changes I may have occasion to speak in my next communication.

The Wife played a successful engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, and although the cast was not equal to that already seen here earlier in the season, it was still more than satisfactory. This week Sol Smith Russell presents his new play A Poor Relation.

At the National Theatre James M. Hardie and Sara Von Lear appeared in The Frontier, which, although well known to the patrons of the house, was of sufficient merit and reputation to draw crowded houses. This week Charles T. Ellis as Casper the Yodler.

Lilly Clay's Gaiety co. proved, as usual, a strong attraction at the Central Theatre. This week Irwin Brothers' com.

At the Standard Theatre Rose Hill's English Polly co. gave a very good performance of fair business. This week Hearts of Oak.

Dominick Murray in that stirring melodrama, Escaped from Sing Sing, played to overflowing houses at Forepaugh's Theatre. This week The Hidden Hand.

The well-earned reputation of Carcross Opera House, joined to a programme of more than ordinary merit, kept the record of good business unbroken.

ST. LOUIS.

Kate Claxton in The World Against Her did only a fair business last week at the Olympic. The star deserved better patronage, but the title of the play was presumably taken as being classed with the ultra melodrama. As Madge Carleton Kate Claxton gave a finished characterization of the role. Charles A. Stevenson was formidable as James Carson, and Judith Burdett as Madge, as Jenny Clegg, The Bostonian and this week. Noddy next.

Joseph Murphy at the Grand last week was warmly greeted by an audience of good size to witness Kerry Gow, The Donagh and Shaun Kine. Joseph Murphy is still the rollicking Irishman ready to fight, dance or sing. Belle Neville furnished the star attraction support. Crystal Slipper this week.

The Florence co. at the People's last week did excellent business. J. P. Curran, a native of this city, was warmly received, and on two evenings was presented with floral offerings by admiring friends. Alone in London this week. Shadows of a Great City next.

Hearts of Oak at the People's did good business last week. There was great dissatisfaction owing to the non-appearance of James A. Hume. Harry Fenwick was good as the sailor Miller. The Baby caught the house. Lizzie Washburn made a hit as the model help. Storm Batten this week. Chip of the Old Block next.

At the Standard the Old Oaken Bucket, with Minnie Oscar Grey and the trained dogs as the stars, to good business. The scenery was fine and the play pleased the patrons. Around the World in Eighty Days next.

ITEMS: Col. Pat Short, business manager of the Olympic, sent us the 4th. The Bostonians are the attraction and the indications are for a packed house. William Henderson in here in the part of the Crystal Slipper.—Mrs. John Harlow of Cincinnati, is in this city, and General John will be here on business next Tuesday.—T. P. and W. W., the minstrels, are going to put their profits into a musical comedy that takes the road next season.—Pat Short received some time ago an acknowledgment from Secretary Ben Baker, of the Actors' Fund, for the sum of \$100, the net proceeds of the benefit at the Olympic on Jan. 22.—C. L. Wilson and Robert Cook are here ahead of Alone in London.—Frank Mayo is booked for Pope's shortly.—J. W. Corry succeeds Will A. Davis, deceased, as manager of Joseph Murphy.—The local managers are well pleased with the change in the date of the arrival of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR.

PITTSBURG.

During the week which was brought to a close all local places of amusement enjoyed prosperity. Large audiences were the nightly rule, and at the matinee in some instances the S. R. O. sign was brought into use.

At the Grand Opera House Hurlons' Fantasia was seen in all its gorgeousness, while at the Bijou the Two Johns was the attraction. Ferguson and Mack's acceptable variety comb was at the Academy, and A Cold Day was seen at Harris'.

The different attractions this week are: Grand Opera House—Evans and Hoot; Academy—St. Perkins; Harris—Dore Davidson in Jekyll and Hyde.

ITEMS: The local Elks' benefit which will take place at the Bijou promises to be a big event.—At the conclusion of her Saturday matinee performance Fanny Davenport, who had been ill during the entire week she played here and on which account she left two performances, sent this note to Manager Wilt: "Believe me I appreciate the disappointment my non-appearance has been to you. I want to thank you for your generous conduct and willingness, for had you been more exacting I should have been less regretful. Please accept enclosed with my appreciation." Frank Moran's stump speech made a big hit at the Academy last week.—Agent Ford of the Wild's co. was in town last week as also was Will Benedict.—Margaret Mather comes to the Grand Opera House Feb. 25, and the same week Murray and Murphy will be seen at the Bijou.—Ferguson and

Mack entertained the inmates of the Dumont Insane Asylum Jan. 24.—Manager Shedd of the Bijou was confined to his room with a very severe cold last week.—J. C. Stewart's new play The Fat Men's Club has been booked at the Bijou.

BROOKLYN.

At the Grand Opera House The White Slave met with its usual success last week—a success somewhat hard to understand, for it is by no means the best of poor Campbell's works, being certainly deficient in many of the elements which are generally looked upon as essential to popularity, and having very little in it to command the respect of the critical. However, it holds the stage just the same. The co. which interprets it this season is a fair one. This week Lights and Shadows.

Rice's Cornair filled the Park Theatre to the doors every night last week. Many comparisons were indulged in by the habitués of the house between the performance and that of the Gaiety co. given the previous week—generally to the disadvantage of the latter. Perhaps, however, national enthusiasm had something to do with these utterances, for both co. were certainly excellent. This week Robson and wife in the Henrietta. Nat C. Goodwin is.

Shipped by the Light of the Moon, though no longer interpreted by Harrison and Gourlay, has not lost its drawing power, as was proved by the crowds that thronged the Brooklyn Theatre last week. Though the comedians mentioned were missed, their successors were certainly very good, and the remainder of the co. quite equal to the demands made upon them. This week's attraction is My Aunt Bridget.

Sheffer and Blakely's co., aided and abetted by William Muldoon, filled Hyde and Behman's Theatre all the week. The organization is one of the best that has been seen here this season. This week Harry Kernell's co.

At the Standard the Scouts of the Yellowstone, a luridly impressive drama, drew many shellels to the coffers of Manager Holmes. It is succeeded this week by a company billed as Thomas and Dock-stader's Minstrels.

The inevitable Bunch of Keys were jingled once more at the Criterion last week, and fair business was the result. The company was a clever one.

ITEMS: In my last week's report I stated, in referring to the business done at Hyde and Behman's the previous week, that it had "not been larger this season." The compositor made me say that it had "not been large"—a slight but important change. Crowded houses are the rule at Hyde and Behman's.—Col. Sinn celebrated his fourteenth anniversary as manager of the Park Theatre Feb. 1.

BALTIMORE.

At Ford's Opera House Herrmann has been turning people away all the week; the business has been phenomenal. His entertainment is the same as in seasons past and quite as enjoyable. Next week, W. C. Goodwin.

Fascination at the Academy of Music has had a big week. The play, on the whole, is well acted. Cora Tanner meets all the requirements of the part of Lady Madge Shastown. Charles Coote and Lionel Bland as Rev. Mr. Colley and Duke of Harrington gave excellent characterizations of the two characters, and did much to make the performance enjoyable. Eleanor Carey was an effective Mrs. Delacore, and the rest of the cast was in competent hands. Next week, Rose Coghlan in Jocelyn.

At Holiday Street Theatre Fred Leslie and the Gaiety Burlesque co. appeared to big audiences in Miss Ramerella. While the piece was no better than the general run of burlesques, it was made to appear so by the unusually clever work of Fred Leslie, the fascinating dancing of Letty Lind and Sylvia Gray and the grotesque acting of Fred Story.

The scenery and costumes are very handsome, and taken all in all the performance is very pleasing.

At Forepaugh's Temple Theatre E. M. Ryan, in Edward J. Hansen's One of the Finest, has had a successful week, giving two performances a day to good attendance. Next week Edwin P. Mayo in Silver Age.

Arizona Joe has been delighting the patrons of Front Street Theatre this week with his wonderful feats of shooting and his trained horses and dogs. Next week Wm. Lavette in King of the Prairies.

ITEMS: The first of the series of symphony concerts at the Peabody Conservatory was given at and introduced to us by Emma Berger, a singer of great merit. Miss Berger has a powerful, resonant soprano voice, of wide compass, which she uses with great skill and which shows good schooling and conscientious study. Her singing of the trying scene and aria from Weber's Oberon was an artistic treat. In addition to being a gifted singer Miss Berger has a very attractive stage presence.

The program included Bach's "Bright" Symphony and Carl Schumann's playing of Schumann's concerto in minor, both of which were highly enjoyable.—Nellie Farren, of the Gaiety co., was confined to her room at the St. James Hotel during the latter part of the week with a cold and was under a physician's care. Her place was filled by Jennie Dawson, her understudy.—The R. P. O. Elks' Lodge No. 7 will have their eleventh annual benefit at Holiday Street Theatre 13.

CLEVELAND.

At the Opera House that wonderfully successful comic opera, Burlesque, was again brought out by Aronson's Casino co. The tinkling music is excellently interpreted by Bertha Ricci, Katie Gilbert, etc., while Mark Smith and J. H. Ryley are funny enough as the two strollers. Crowded audiences.

This week held by the Enemy. Joe Murphy is. Large audiences went to Jacobs' Cleveland Theatre to see C. W. Condit in his great creation of Dumpty in Hans Kitch's "Bright" Symphony and Carl Schumann's playing of Schumann's concerto in minor, both of which were highly enjoyable.

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exhibitions of mind-reading at the Masonic. Innu Krality is here quartered at the Galt House. It is probable The Black Creek will soon be seen at Macaulay's, all differences having been adjusted.—The Aiden Benedict management have on exhibition five genuine one thousand dollar bills as a forfeit in event of all promises as to the excellence of the performances announced not being fulfilled. Manager Osgood, of Harris', comes in the front on behalf of the Australian Novelty co. placing in the window of another firm a much larger amount.—In Confederate notes.—The Rackett Family orchestra is giving the patrons of Harris' good music. The novelties and solos offered are pleasing.—Louisville bicycle riders are preparing to give Pat line Hall a fraternal greeting. The fair bicyclist will have abundant opportunity of enjoying the fine roads in this vicinity.

NEW ORLEANS.

The best business was done last week at the Grand, where Lotta opened to standing room Jan. 25. Paven Ticker was the play, and it failed to catch on to any great extent. Yesterday was put on for three nights and a matinee. Daisy this week; Clara Morris next.

Theodore Hamilton, an actor well known to New Orleans in days gone by, did only fairly at the Academy of Music. Mr. Hamilton appeared in his own version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. His conception and rendering of Hyde is better than his Jekyll, and in making the change he seems to forget that his hair is white as one and almost black as the other. The co. is not a good one.

Philippe Salvi's troupe of trained monkeys, goats, dogs, etc. did well at the St. Charles Theatre. Prices were reduced one-half. The entertainment is a very pleasing one, especially for children. Lost in New York this week.

At the Avenue Theatre, Maude Atkinson had a fairly good week in The French Spy. Oliver Byron this week.

The two weeks' engagement of Harry Amhr came to a close at Faranta's Feb. 3. The Counterfeit was presented to good houses. Ten Nights in a Barroom this week.

At the French Opera House, La Traviata, Roland & Ronnevass, Mignon and Freichitz were presented.

JERSEY CITY.

A Legal Wreck co. occupied the Academy last week. Compared with prior weeks at this house the business during the engagement can only be called fair, but there was sufficient patronage to give a profit to both the co. and the house. The performance was pleasing, but not sufficiently good to call for extended notice or marked approval. Sidney Drew as Richard Morris, a Lillie Van der Grint, and Mrs. Rose as Nancy Ann Dunks were the most deserving of praise. This week Frederic Bryton in Forgiveness.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fanny Davenport opened to a good house at Albaugh's Jan. 24, in La Tosca, and gave a fine performance in spite of a very bad cold. Due: Salisbury's Troubadours, 4; Robinson and Crane, 11; Miss Goodwin in A Royal Revue and Confusion filled the National last week. Permann, 4; Rose Coghlan, 11.

Dan Sullivan in Corner Grocery and Daddy Nolan packed Harris' Bijou. Bunch of Keys, 4; Doré Davidson, 11.

Hyde's Big Specialty co. at Kernan's 4. Concerts will be given at the Congressional Church: Rosenthal, the pianist, and Fritz Krieger, violinist, 1 and afternoon of 2; Anton Streleki and local talent, 5; Henry Xander, Herndon Murrell, Paul Wiersch and others, 1.

Prof. O. R. Gleason opened nine days' engagement at New York Avenue 11th 20, to large audience who remembered with pleasure his former exhibitions of horse training.

ALABAMA.

BIRMINGHAM.—O'BRIEN'S OPERA HOUSE (Frank P. O'Brien, manager): The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, was greeted with a splendid audience Jan. 25. Emma Abbott has cause to be proud of the splendid audiences which assembled to hear her at 20, in Il Trovatore and Women of the Guard, with Martha for matinee 20. The prices were advanced \$1.50 for the first time this season. S. R. O. card was exhibited at each performance.

Miss Abbott's singing came fully up to the expectations of her many admirers. Geo. H. Adams in His Son, Him and Her 20. The audience was kept in a state of continual laughter from the time the curtain rose until it fell.—MORTIMER'S THEATRE (Fred. Mortimer, manager): H. M. S. Pinafore, by stock co., was put on week 20, to good business.

This house announces that it will be open all Summer.—AVONDALE OPERA HOUSE (H. Scholtz, manager): Manager Scholtz is busy getting his house in first-class shape for a Summer engagement, and a number of good co. have been booked and the innovation promises to be a success.—MENTION: Prof. Fred. Gramba, leader of O'Brien's Opera House orchestra, was presented with an elegant silver set by the local Mendelssohn Club last week.

Georgia Minstrel co. gave a very pleasant entertainment to a good house Jan. 21.

COLORADO.

SEVEN.—The Bostonians have closed their two weeks' engagement at the Tabor. The success of the venture was pronounced. Each principal was the recipient of much attention on the part of the vast audience. Pygmalion and Galatea appeared to be the favorite opera, if there was any preference. Mr. and Mrs. Florence open 24, for a week. — **ITK.**—I've heard that a costly theatre, a \$500,000 structure, is to be built on Broadway, at the intersection of Sixteenth Street, by a syndicate of capitalists.

COLORADO SPRINGS. OPERA HOUSE (S. N. Wynn, manager): Camilla Urso gave a concert to a small house Jan. 23.

LEADVILLE.—Tabor Opera House (J. H. Craig, manager): Mrs. Camilla Urso gave two concerts for the benefit of the public school Jan. 23, 24, to fair house.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN.—HYPERION THEATRE (G. B. Bunnell, manager): Business boomed last week. Arion hall Jan. 24. Stoddard lecture to packed house 24. Emma Jack Concert co. to ditto 25. The Twelve Temptations to good business 24-25. It was the most elaborate and spectacular production seen here this season. It was well staged. — **NEW HAVEN OPERA HOUSE** (Horace Wall, manager): McKee Rankin and a capable co. presented The Runaway Wife 27; business good. Robert Mantell in Monbars drew good houses 1-2. — **GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (G. B. Bunnell, manager): Reilly and Wood's comb. completed a week's engagement 27; business very large. This is one of the best specialty cos. seen here this season. The programme was replete with novelties. The Valdis Sisters in their aerial trapeze performance attracted much attention. — **FRANK F. F. Proctor**, formerly of Jacobs and Proctor, has taken a lease for five years of the New Haven Opera House.

HARTFORD.—OPERA HOUSE (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): McKee Rankin's new play The Runaway Wife to good business Jan. 24-25. The Twelve Temptations, with very good scenic and calcium effects, drew remarkable houses 24-25. The S. E. O. sign being displayed at each evening performance. — **AMERICAN THEATRE**: A large and fashionable audience greeted Mrs. Shaw's Concert co. 25. — **PERSONAL**: Several of Frank Carlyle's friends residing in this city attended the performance of The Wife at the Hyperion, New Haven, 26. They expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the advancement Mr. Carlyle has made and his very finished presentation of Robert Gray, the leading juvenile part.

TORRINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE (P. R. Matthews, manager): The Wren Comedy co. Jan. 25, to a good house; entertainment miserable.

BRIDGEPORT.—DELEVAN OPERA HOUSE (T. H. Delavan, manager): Vernona Jarbeau in Starlight to good business Jan. 26. Bristol's Equines to large house 27-28.

WILLIAMSBURG.—LOOMER OPERA HOUSE (S. F. Loomer, proprietor): The Dark Side of a Great City appeared here to well filled house Jan. 28.

NEW LONDON.—NEW LONDON OPERA HOUSE (Stoll and Starr, managers): The Wilbur Opera co. in repertoire week Jan. 28 to the largest business of the season; co. good.

MIDDLETOWN.—MCDONOUGH OPERA HOUSE (A. M. McDonough, proprietor): Due: Kate Purcell's co. in Queen of the Plains 4.

WATERBURY.—JACQUES OPERA HOUSE (Duncan B. Harrison's Paymaster Jan. 28, 29, attracted large audiences and gave the best of satisfaction. A scrap of Paper was presented by a party of amateurs of this place 31; packed house.

DAKOTA.

BISMARCK.—ATHENEUM (J. D. Wakeman, manager): E. A. McDowell co. in Mr. Barnes of New York Jan. 30, 31; large house.

WATERBURY.—THE GRAND (J. F. Brock, manager): Due: John Dillon in A Sky Scrapper.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Proctor and Seidler, managers): W. T. Bryant and a good co. in Keep It Dark proved a drawing attraction Jan. 21-22, filling the house at each performance. Fate played to good business Jan. 23-24. — **ITEMS**: The Choral Club has begun rehearsals of The Bohemian Girl which they intend to present some time before the close of the season. — **THE Tuesday Club**, another local musical organization, is to sing the cantatas of Fair Ellen and The Crusaders at the Opera House 7.

FLORIDA.

PENSACOLA.—PENSACOLA OPERA HOUSE (R. P. McConnell, manager): Jules Grau's Opera co. played to crowded houses Jan. 21-22.

JACKSONVILLE.—PARK OPERA HOUSE (J. D. Burbridge, manager): McKee and Young's Operatic Minstrels Jan. 30, 31; good houses and poor performance.

GEORGIA.

AMERICUS.—GLOVER'S OPERA HOUSE (G. W. Glover, proprietor): Ealy and Bricker's Novelty co. appeared here 24-27 to good business, despite inclemency of weather. Their "gift distribution" was the drawing card; some handsome presents were given away. They play a return engagement soon.

NEWNAN.—NEWNAN OPERA HOUSE (J. T. Reese, proprietor): The Howard co. presented jekyll and Hyde Jan. 24 to a satisfied house.

MACON.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. Horne, manager): George H. Adams Jan. 26, in He, She, Him and Her; excellent business. A full house greeted Clara Morris in René de Moray 28. Oliver and Kate Byron met with great success 29 in their new play, The Upper Hand. The piece, though a little long, is full of interest, support good. — **PERSONAL**: Little Marguerite Fields, the child actress, with Byron, is one of the most precocious children on the stage. Though a mere tot, her voice is clear, distinct, and her acting full of grace. Her singing is wonderfully clever and completely caught the audience.

ATLANTA.—DE GIVE'S OPERA HOUSE (S. De Give, manager): The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, assisted by local singers, gave a concert Jan. 24 to good houses. Clara Morris 25 and matinee 26 presented for the first time in this city René de Moray to large and well-pleased audiences. The entire co. received numerous encores, and was one of the strongest ever seen here. George H. Adams in He, She, Him and Her, his new play, 28, 29 to fair business. The play is a little better than the old Humpty Dumpty, and some of the co. are very good. Sam Bernard as the Dutchman deserves special mention. Oliver Byron to fair business 30, 31.

AUGUSTA.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Sandford H. Cohen, manager): Clara Morris in René de Moray Jan. 29. The most fashionable and cultured house of the season awaited her appearance to give her a rousing welcome, as she is highly appreciated here.

COLUMBUS.—SPRINGER OPERA HOUSE (Theodore W. Foley, manager): Jules Grau's Opera co. last week to crowded houses.

ILLINOIS.

CAIRO.—OPERA HOUSE (Sol. A. Silver, manager): P. F. Baker, in The Emigrant, drew a splendid house Jan. 25.

ELGIN.—DU BOIS OPERA HOUSE (Theo. Swan and F. Jencks, managers): Power's Ivy Leaf co. Jan. 24 to a fair house. — **ACADEMY OF MUSIC**: (F. M. Morgan, manager): A variety bill was the attraction 28. Good business.

BLOOMINGTON.—DUFFY THEATRE (Fell and Perry, managers): Hearts of Oak to good business Jan. 25, 26. F. F. Baker in The Emigrant to a fair house 27. — **OPERA HOUSE** (Fell and Perry, managers): Jim the Penman, with F. C. Bangs in the title role, to very large and appreciative audiences Jan. 28. Co. excellent throughout.

ROCKFORD.—OPERA HOUSE (C. C. Jones, manager): Ivy Leaf Jan. 25 to a good house. Margaret Mather, supported by J. B. Studley, in The Honey-moon Jan. 29 to a highly appreciative audience the star receiving three curtain calls.

GALESBURG.—NEW OPERA HOUSE (Bailey and Wynn, managers): Rusco and Swift's U. T. C. Jan. 28, poor performance to a good house.

ST. LOUIS.—PLUMB OPERA HOUSE (J. E. Williams, manager): Florence Hamilton co. Jan. 24-26 in Divorce, Oliver Twist and My Husband to large audiences.

ences. The co. is fully up to the strength of the average comb.

SYCAMORE.—OPERA HALL (S. A. Ward, manager): Bad Boy to good business Jan. 7. — **PERSONAL**: John B. Whalen retired from the management of this house 23, his lease having expired.

SPRINGFIELD.—CHATTERBOX OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Freeman, manager): A. M. Palmer's Jim the Penman co. to a large and fashionable audience Jan. 25.

FREESPORT.—GERMANIA HALL (H. J. Moock, manager): The Edwin Stuart co. played a week's engagement, beginning Jan. 21. Lilah Stewart wore some very fine costumes. — **FACT**: Mr. Stewart speaks in the highest terms of the MIRROR, and says it is the best dramatic paper published.

CHAMPAIGN.—ARMORY (S. L. Nelson, manager): Goodyear, Cook and Dillon's Minstrels gave the best entertainment that has been here for some time Jan. 21. A. M. Palmer's Jim the Penman to a good audience 24.

OTTAWA.—SHERWOOD'S OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Hodgkinson, manager): Pat Muldoon's Irish Comedy co. in Muldoon's Neighbor to medium business 24.

JOLIET.—OPERA HOUSE (R. L. Allen, manager): Pat Muldoon's Irish Comedy co. Jan. 26 in Muldoon's Neighbor to fair business.

PEORIA.—THE GRAND (Lem H. Wiley, manager): Bowers and Beach Minstrels 1; large house; entertainment good.

AURORA.—Margaret Mather Jan. 29 to large house; advanced prices; performance entirely satisfactory.

PANA.—HAYWARD'S OPERA HOUSE (Race and Roley, managers): Lew and Lottie Waters played Jan. 28. Pana is the home of Mrs. Waters, and they were greeted by a very large audience. Gibler, Gordon and Gibner's co. are booked for all next week.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Dickson and Talbot, managers): The Folly Burlesque co. 1; thin house and poor performance. A Legal Wreck and Jim the Penman three nights each this week. — **ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE** (Dickson and Talbot, managers): Gillette's She to a large and appreciative audience all last week. — **PARK THEATRE** (Dickson and Talbot, managers): The Australian Novelty co. packed the house every night last week. — **ELKS**: The Elks entertained the Indiana Legislature last week. The affair was exceedingly pleasant to all concerned.

EVANSVILLE.—OPERA HOUSE (T. J. Groves, manager): The Hanlons in Le Voyage en Suisse to good business 25, 26. English Folly and Burlesque co. drew a small audience 28.

MT. VERNON.—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (Myer Rosenbaum, manager): The Casino Opera co. gave two delightful performances to fair houses 28, 29. — **ACADEMY OF MUSIC** (Thomas D. Omer, manager): The Atlantic Colored Minstrels gave a poor performance to a large audience 29.

TERRE HAUTE.—OPERA HOUSE (Wilson Naylor, manager): English Folly co. Jan. 29, good business. Newton Beers' Lost in London co. drew a fair house 30.

FORT WAYNE.—MASONIC TEMPLE (J. H. Simon, manager): The Stowaway packed the Temple 28. The co. was remarkably strong and the piece made a hit. The state-blowing act brought a curtain call, something unusual with a Fort Wayne audience.

GOSHEN.—OPERA HOUSE (Rogers and Krutz, managers): Mrs. S. Ott Siddons appeared Jan. 21 to a crowded house. Her selections from Shakespeare and other authors delighted the audience, who responded in frequent applause.

LA FAYETTE.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (F. B. Caldwell, manager): The Baldwin Comedy co. closed a very successful engagement Jan. 26. — **PERSONAL**: The report that Jennie Goldthwaite, of the Baldwin Comedy co., had severed her connection with that co. is incorrect. Miss Goldthwaite remains with the Baldwin co. until the close of the season, when she will star under the management of George Baker.

CRAWFORDVILLE.—MUSIC HALL (Leslie Davis, manager): Edmund-Barry co. Jan. 29 to good house.

ELKHART.—BUCHLEN OPERA HOUSE (J. L. Brodick, manager): The Private Secretary to a large house Jan. 28. Streets of New York to light house 28. Chas. Erin Verner, as Shamus O'Brien, to a fair business 30.

MARION.—SWEETEN'S OPERA HOUSE (E. L. Kimmelman, manager): House was dark all week. Robert Downing again disappointed us by not coming 25 as I announced he would in my letter last week. However, he has promised to give us a nice time this month. Due: Newton Beers, 4; Rice and Shepard's Minstrels 7.

MUNCIE.—(H. R. Wyser, manager): Riley's Theatre co. to crowded and well-pleased houses three nights' engagement commencing Jan. 28.

SOUTH BEND.—GOOD'S OPERA HOUSE (J. V. Farrar, manager): Charles Erin Verner in Shamus O'Brien Jan. 29 to good business.

RICHMOND.—PHILLIPS OPERA HOUSE (G. W. P. Kimmelman, manager): Baldwin Comedy co., week 28, to large houses with general satisfaction at popular prices. — **GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (W. K. Bradbury, manager): Due: Julia Marlowe 7 as Rosalind.

NEW ALBANY.—NEW ALBANY OPERA HOUSE (John Harbeson, manager): House dark last week. Due: Boy Tramp Jan. 31. — **ITEM**: Manager Harbeson would like to book first-class attractions for February and March.

IOWA.

OSKALOOSA.—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (G. N. Beecher, manager): The Stowaway gave entire satisfaction to excellent business Jan. 25. A Postage Stamp kept amused a good house 26.

CEDAR RAPIDS.—GREEN'S (F. A. Simmons, manager): The Stowaway played to good business Jan. 25. The co. gave good satisfaction. Bill Nye and Elmer drew a fair audience 26.

MUSCATINE.—TURNER OPERA HOUSE (Barney Schmidt, manager): Robert Downing as Spartacus Jan. 29, to the best house of the season. Star and supporting co. were highly appreciated.

DUBUQUE.—OPERA HOUSE (Duncan and Waller, manager): Ivy Leaf co. Jan. 22 to a crowded house; co. gave a splendid performance. Robert Downing 25, 26 and matinee, in Spartacus and St. Marc, to good houses.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.—DOHANY OPERA HOUSE (John Dohany, proprietor): Alone in London co. to fair-sized audience Jan. 29. The play was well performed and well received.

BOONE.—PHILIPS OPERA HOUSE (C. E. Phipps, manager): The Love-Innman Comedy co. came on short notice Jan. 28, 29 and played to fair houses. The co. is a poor one.

MARSHALLTOWN.—THE ODEON (A. G. Glick, manager): The Stowaway co. to a good house and splendid business Jan. 25. They gave general satisfaction.

DAVENPORT.—BENTIS OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Fluke, manager): Bolossy Kiralfy's Water Queen Jan. 29 to crowded house. — **TURNER GRAND OPERA HOUSE** (Charles T. Kindt, manager): Robert Downing 27, 28 to good houses; general satisfaction. — **ITEM**: The Bentis is to be changed materially and rejuvenated.

CLINTON.—BUDG OPERA HOUSE (L. F. Benton, manager): Professor McDonald Jan. 26 gave his illustrated lecture afternoon and evening for the benefit of the public school library at popular prices, to moderate business. — **DAVIS' OPERA HOUSE** (Harry Tate, manager): The Stowaway to fair business 25.

LE MARS.—LE MARS OPERA HOUSE (T. H. Shanks, manager): Pinafore was presented by the Sioux City amateurs to a good house Jan. 27. The part of Josephine by Miss Wall was equal to a professional rendition of the role.

IOWA CITY.—OPERA HOUSE (J. N. Coldren, manager): A Postage Stamp to the largest house of the season Jan. 27. — **PERSONAL**: W. A. Talbot of A Postage Stamp co. is an Iowa City boy. His friends turned out to see him, which added a large accession to the audience.

BURLINGTON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (R. M. Washburn, manager): Alone in London to a crowded house Jan. 26. Manager Washburn has been rather unfortunate with his January bookings, some of his best attractions having canceled.

LE MARS.—HOYT'S OPERA HOUSE (T. J. Andrews, manager): Boston Symphony Orchestra Club Jan.

30. The entertainment was of the highest musical order and such as one seldom hears.

DES MOINES.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Moore, manager): Alone in London came to fair business Jan. 24. — **FOSTER'S OPERA HOUSE** (Wm. Foster, manager): Kiralfy's Water Queen to a crowded house 28. Postage Stamp came to good audiences 29, 30; good co. — **CAPITAL CITY** (W. C. Ross, manager): Love-Innman co. week 21. This co. is very bad.

KEOKUK.—OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Anderson, acting manager): D. R. Craig, who has had charge of this house for nearly three years, has accepted a position as advance agent with the Maude Banks co. His lease of the house would not expire until March 31, but arrangements were made enabling him to surrender it for the unexpired time, and at present a representative of the opera house co. is in charge of affairs. Palmer's Western Jim the Penman co. came Jan. 26 to a large audience and gave the best performance of the season. Stetson's co. gave a wretched performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin 29 to fair business.

SIoux CITY.—PRAIRIE GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. I. Buchanan, manager): Boston Symphony Orchestra Club gave a splendid concert to a small audience Jan. 26. A Dark Secret opened 28 to the capacity of the house. The engagement was for three nights, but on account of the rush for seats was continued another night. S. R. O. was the rule at every performance. The tank and co. made a decided hit here. — **ELKS**: The installation of the Lodge of Elks was postponed to Feb. 2. Delegations will be present from Omaha, St. Paul, Milwaukee and other cities.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (E. H. Maroy, manager): The Boston Symphony Orchestra Club gave a choice programme Jan. 22 under the patronage of and in conjunction with our own local Marshall's Military Band. The members of the Symphony Club are each of the highest excellence in his or her chosen specialty, and Marshall's Military Band is undoubtedly the third best band in the United States today. It is needless to say that the house was crowded. Chip of the Old Block 25, 26, with Robert L. Scott as the Commodore and Henry Mills as the Jockey. The co. was first-class in every respect and the entertainment even superior to what we had been led to expect from the advance notices favorable as they were. The houses were excellent and would be even still larger on a second visit. Rentfro's Jolly Pathfinders open 28 for a week. They anticipate to refund the money to any one who is not satisfied; and as they give a thoroughly jolly and pleasing performance they are perfectly safe in so offering. — **CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE** (L. M. Crawford, manager): Bolossy Kiralfy's spectacle, The Water Queen, 21, succeeded in drawing a very good house and gave good satisfaction. George T. Ulmer, 22-24, in the late John T. Raymond's plays, Col. Sellers and For Congress. The plays are household words, but there is enough of originality and merit in Mr. Ulmer's performance to make them amply worth seeing for their evidences of individual excellence. He was ably aided in his efforts by Mrs. Lizzie May Ulmer (who is a strong favorite here), and a good support generally. Corinne in Monte Cristo, Jr., 25, 26. The houses were crowded and deservedly so.

HORTON.—OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Kemper, manager): The Andrews Opera co. No. 1 in Erinie Jan. 23 to full house; good co. Groves and Kempton's Plantation Minstrels 25, fair business.

ITEMS: William L. Malley, advance agent for the Ulmers, was in town Jan. 29. Arthur Percy is now stage manager and the baritone for the Andrews Opera co. No. 1.

M'PHERSON.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (E. H. Heithecker, manager): The opening of the Grand Opera House took place Jan. 28. The Modoc Club, of Topeka, appeared in their best in their popular presentation of The Chimes of Normandy. The appearance of Miss Lowell as Serpente and Mrs. Parkhurst as Germaine were signals for continued applause. The new theatre in all its appointments and scenery and conveniences is second to none in this State.

LEAVENWORTH.—CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): George and Lizzie Ulmer in Col. Sellers and For Congress played to light houses Jan. 25, 26.

ATCHISON.—PRICE'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): Kiralfy's Water Queen had a packed house Jan. 22. Corinne 23, 24; first night to standing room only and good house second night.

WINFIELD.—WINFIELD GRAND (T. B. Myers, local manager): Due: Janaschek 10; Siberia 20.

FORT SCOTT.—OPERA HOUSE (W. P. Patterson, manager): Ezra Kendall in A Pair of Kids drew a fair audience Jan. 24. Elsie Foster gave us two delightful performances 25, 26. Egypt and Judge Not were the plays given.

EMPORIA.—WHITLEY OPERA HOUSE (H. C. Whitley, manager): Ezra Kendall and A Pair of Kids Jan. 23, to large business. Scott and Mills and Jessie Burstelle 24, in Chip of the Old Block; good house. A co. calling themselves Charles Kirk's co. appeared in Uncle Tom's Cabin 26. The enterprise proved a failure.

PARSONS.—EDWARDS' OPERA HOUSE (L. L. Baird, manager): Ezra Kendall in A Pair of Kids played to a fair house Jan. 26. Elsie Elsher came 28 in Judge Not; gave good satisfaction. Co. first-class.

WICHITA.—CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): J. Z. Little's World co. drew a crowded house Jan. 29; some of the scenery is very good and elicited applause. The co. is not strong.

KENTUCKY.

BOWLING GREEN.—POTTER'S OPERA HOUSE (Potter Brothers, managers): Uncle Tom's Cabin Union Square co. to a full house Jan. 29. Lavinia Shannon canceled her date 28.

RUSSELLVILLE.—RYAN'S OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Ryan, manager): The Mendelssohn Quintette Club co. Jan. 22 to S. R. O.

HENDERSON.—OPERA HOUSE (R. E. Cook, manager): P. F. Baker in The Emigrant to S. R. O., Jan. 24. Madame Nevins and son 29 in The Boy Tramp to medium house. Performance good.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.—THEATRE: French's co., and a very good one, too, gave an excellent performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy Jan. 25, 26. Master Edinger in the title role achieved an instantaneous hit. The co. played to the capacity of the house both nights and the matinee was the largest on record at this house. Myra Goodwin in Sin 26, 27, played to good business despite counter attractions, but did not add to her popularity, as her support was wretched. The star is a very clever woman and deserves better people about her. — **CITY HALL**: Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the whistler, created a furore in the Stockbridge Course 30. Several other attractions with her received a lukewarm reception, among them Miss Lauriet Chase, whose debut as a reader was a deplorable failure. Attendance on The Runaway Wife 28. — **ITEMS**: McKee Rankin in The Runaway Wife 28. She is underlined. — A return engagement of Little Lord Fauntleroy is possible. — The Philharmonic concert was a success.

BATH.—ALAMEDA OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Clark, manager): DeKostader's Minstrels Jan. 25; largest house of the season.

BANGOR.—OPERA HOUSE (Frank A. Owen, manager): McGibney Family to fair business Jan. 24, 25. Mrs. Alice J. Shaw to fair business 31.

MARYLAND.

FREDERICK.—CITY HALL (Jacob Badisman, manager): One of the finest to fair business Jan. 24. — **ITEM**: Considerable indignation has been aroused by the action of Lillian Kennedy's agent, who has been employing himself during his spare time by covering up Henry's paper. It is possible that legal proceedings will be taken.

CUMBERLAND.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. W. Williams, manager): Jules Keene in Only a German Jan. 29 and Twice Times Happy 30 to fair business. Performance satisfactory.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BROCKTON.—CITY THEATRE (Much Ado About Nothing, supported by a good co., gave excellent performance to a large audience Jan. 26. William Harris deserves special mention for his good work as Benedick. Thomas Keene presented Richard III. to a good-sized and well-pleased audience 29. His support, headed by George Learock, is unusually

strong. Roland Reed as The Woman Hater made a decided hit and kept a large audience in an uptown 31. — **ITEM**: Roland Reed went to Quincy, on his way here, and placed an order for a thousand-dollar monument to be erected to the memory of Alice Hastings.

LOWELL.—MUSIC HALL (A. V. Partridge, proprietor): Stetson's co. in Yeomen of the Guard Jan. 26 had a very large and fashionable audience. Rhea as Beatrice had a deservedly good house 28. Duncan B. Harrison's Paymaster 30, 31 to remunerative business. A return date is booked early in February. — **HUNTINGTON HALL** (John F. Cosgrove, manager): Mrs. Alice J. Shaw and her Concert co. were well patronized 27. Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels well patronized the house 31. — **ITEM**:—Gertie Granville Hart had the constant care of a physician during her stay here but pluckily played at both performances.

SALEM.—MECHANICS' HALL (Andrews, Moulton and Johnson, managers): Harry and Fay played to a packed house Jan. 25. They were, as usual, excellent. Mr. Fay was ill and unable to go on and his part was taken by Charles Lamb, who was very fine. Rhea in Much Ado About Nothing 29 filled the house. It was a magnificent performance. Nellie McHenry co. 31 in Three of a Kind deserved a larger house than they played to.

TAUNTON.—MUSIC HALL (A. B. White, proprietor): McKenna's Pirlitation Jan. 28 to small house. The co. throughout is a good one, but again mention should be made of Emily Keen and John C. Fox. Harry La Marr and a fair co. presented Wid-a-Bedott 29 to a large house, giving excellent satisfaction. The event of the season was the appearance of the Stetson Opera co. in the Yeomen of the Guard, to a large and fashionable audience.

FITCHBURG.—WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Dunn, manager): A Grass Widow to small business Jan. 29. Thomas W. Keene in Richard III. to large house 31.

LYNN.—PROCTOR'S THEATRE (A. H. Deady, manager): Zig-Zag Jan. 28-29 to overflowing houses. Jennie Calef commenced a three nights' engagement in An American Princess to a moderate-sized house. Next week will be divided between J. I. Dowling and a new version of She. — **MUSIC HALL** (J. W. Caverly, manager): T. W. Keene in Richard III. to a fair-sized house 28. Barry and Fay in McKenna's Pirlitation, a marked improvement on Irish Aristocracy, to a fair house 31. — **ELKS**: A large Elks is to be instituted here in the near future.

SPRINGFIELD.—GILMORE OPERA HOUSE (W. C. Le Noir, manager): Vernona Jarbeau had a large demonstrative audience upon her first stellar visit Jan. 28. Zitka was given in excellent presentations to small business 29, 30. — **WINNINGS**: Jarbeau has been negotiating with Edward E. Kidder and Leonard Grover for a new play, and she indicates that a contract with the latter is about settled. Her waiting maid has been with her for thirteen years. — **EMMENITE**, the new explosive far more destructive than dynamite, discovered by a clerk in a Holyok drug store, has been taken hold of by Arthur Chase and Booth and Barrett who will push manufacture.

AMESBURY.—NEW OPERA HOUSE (C. W. Currier, manager): Myra Goodwin in Sin to a good house Jan. 26; her support is poor. Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels 28; good returns; excellent performance. Stetson's Opera co. in The Yeomen of the Guard, to a large and satisfied audience 30.

HOLYOKE.—OPERA HOUSE (Chase Brothers, managers): The White co. to a fair audience Jan. 24. — **LYCEUM THEATRE** (Francis Bros. and Left, managers): The Lyceum is playing vaudeville to good houses this week.

NEWBURYPORT.—CITY HALL (Geo. H. Stevens, agent): Roland Reed Jan. 29 in The Woman Hater. Excellent performance to only fair business.

MILFORD.—MUSIC HALL (H. E. Morgan, manager): A Grass Widow to a fair-sized audience Jan. 28.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM.—ELMWOOD OPERA HOUSE (G. E. Sanderson, manager): The house was occupied by local attractions all last week.

CHelsea.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (James B. Field, manager): Jennie Calef, supported by a good co. Jan. 28, 29. Miss Calef made a very favorable impression, and her co. gave excellent support; good houses.

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